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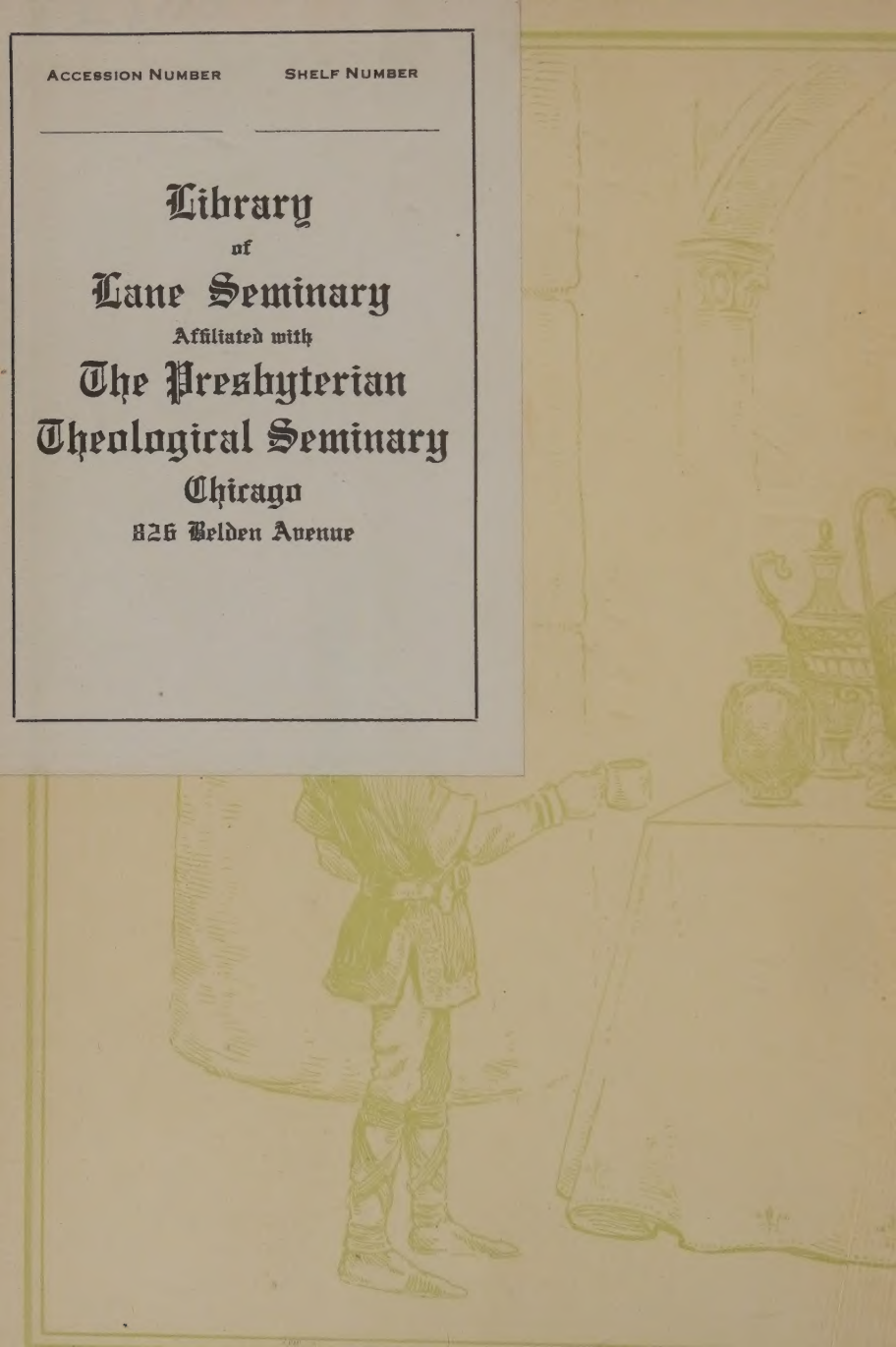

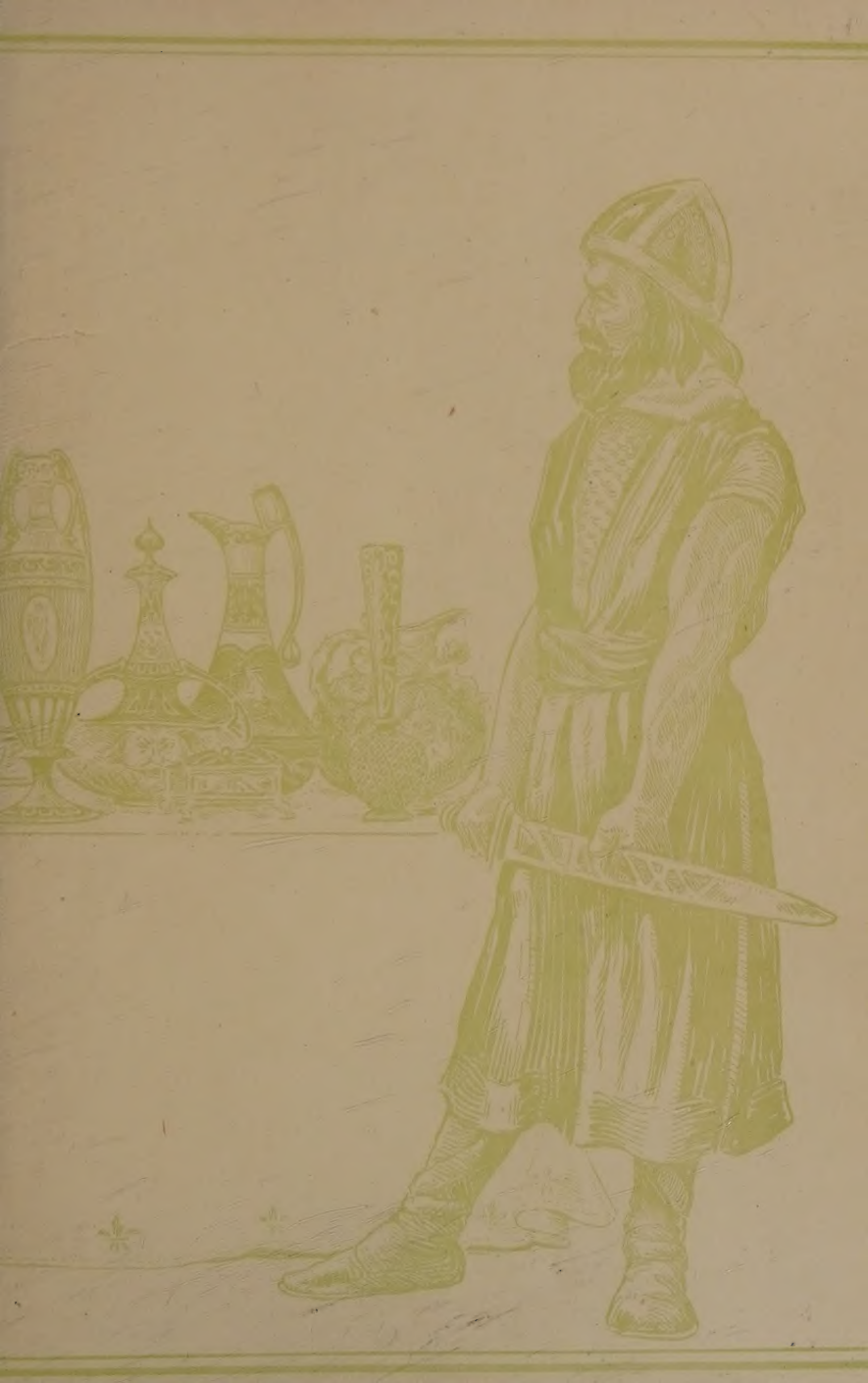

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THE GOLDEN GOBLET

"Is this thy gift to the king?"

THE GOLDEN GOBLET

AND OTHER STORIES

BY
JAY T. STOCKING

THE PILGRIM PRESS
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

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TO THE

BOYS AND GIRLS

OF

NEWTONVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS

WHO HEARD THESE STORIES

21777

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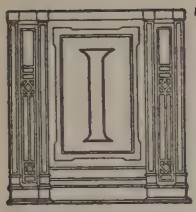
The Golden Goblet

The Golden Goblet



T was the night before Christmas.

Isn't it funny that so many stories begin just like that?

It was snapping cold out on the veranda, and it was snapping hot in the fireplace, before which the family were gathered.

"Father, tell us a story," said the ten-year-old.

"Yes, a new one," said his sister.

"A new one?" asked the father, with a puzzled look on his face, "I think I have told you all the stories that I ever knew. I have told you about the Golden Fleece, and the Golden Egg, and the Golden Apple, and the Golden Horse, and the Golden Goblet."

"No, you never told us about the Golden Goblet."

"Haven't I? Well, then, I will tell you about it."

"When did it happen, Father?"

"Oh, ever and ever so long before I was a little boy."

"Is it true?"

"Just as true as — preaching."

"Ever and ever so long before I was a little boy, there was a king by the name of Saxon, who lived in Saxon Land. He was tall and straight and strong and handsome and fair, as the king of Saxon Land should be, and his blue eyes looked out, gentle and mild over his full beard, as the summer moon looks out over the tops of the forest trees.

"Years before, when King Saxon was Prince Saxon, he had a teacher, and that teacher's name was Martin von Hove (Huv). Martin was a very wise man. He taught the prince what was in the books, and he taught him more. He taught him how he ought to live, how he ought to spend his money, and how he ought to give it away; and that was very necessary, because the prince had much to spend and much to give away. Martin taught him very many wise sayings and proverbs. I remember only two of them: 'The gladdest gift is the biggest

gift,' and 'Love turns the gift to gold.' Martin's maxims, as they were called, became known throughout the court.

"Now, Prince Saxon was devoted to his teacher, Martin von Hove, until one unlucky day when Martin rebuked him for something that he had said or done; and then the prince, in hot anger, with the consent of his father, cruelly dismissed his old teacher from court.

"Martin lived for a time in lodgings near by, hoping that the prince would get over his anger and invite him back. But as the weeks passed by and grew into months, and the prince did not repent and invite him back, Martin removed to the most distant town on the edge of the King's domain, and there he founded a little school, in which he taught the village boys and girls. He taught them just the same wise things that he used to teach the prince — how they should live, how they should spend their money, and how they should give it away.

"By and by, there came to him a little son of his own. He called him Ludwig, — Ludwig von Hove. Martin took especial pains with his own child. He taught him what

was in the books, and he taught him more — how he should spend his money, and how he should give it away. And this was very necessary, because he had so little to spend and so little to give away. The home was very bare, the table did not have very much on it, and they never had more than a few coins at a time, to keep or to spend. There was one maxim in particular which Martin taught little Ludwig, and in order that the boy might remember it better he put it in the form of a rhyme:

'Remember the saying of long ago,
The wise man taught of old:
Love turns the gift to gold, you know,
Love turns the gift to gold.'

"At length, Martin grew really homesick for a sight of Prince Saxon, who had now become King Saxon; so he removed back again to the city of the king, and took some poor lodgings just outside the city gate.

"Martin had long ago forgiven King Saxon, and in all the stories of the court which he had told little Ludwig he had spoken only of the good things which the

prince had said and done; so Ludwig had learned to admire the king very much.

"One day as Ludwig stood at the street corner, dressed in his shabby little coat, the king passed by and Ludwig saluted him. The king turned, bowed and smiled. Then Ludwig loved King Saxon with all his heart. And it was very well, for King Saxon was loved of all his people; he had grown to be so generous and true and kind and just a king.

"Not long after, the king announced that he was going away for a long holiday across the sea, and he proclaimed a public day at court, on which his subjects might come and pay their respects and say their farewells. Ludwig asked permission to go and gained it.

"But what should he take to the king? Ludwig knew very well that, though it was not necessary, it was very courteous for one to take a gift to the king when he called upon him. But what could Ludwig give to a king?

"I have only one small coin, Father,' said he. 'What can I buy with that that is fit to give to the king?'

"Remember, Ludwig: "The gladdest gift is the biggest gift."

"'Remember the saying of long ago,
The wise man taught of old;
Love turns the gift to gold, you know,
Love turns the gift to gold.'

"Ludwig must have looked into every shop window in that city, and must have learned by heart everything there was in every shop window, so often did he look through those windows to see what he could buy with his one small coin. And the more he looked, the more difficult it was to decide what to buy; and, as often happens when one looks so long to buy the proper thing, he bought what seemed a very strange thing — a little tin cup. It was a bright tin cup, however, and it had a picture of the king upon the outside. It pleased Ludwig, and Ludwig thought it would please the king. Then, too, Ludwig was just young and simple enough to think that perhaps the king would grow thirsty upon his long journey, and that he would take a drink from the little tin cup.

"Ludwig took a little piece of paper and wrote on it;

'To the King, with my love,
From Ludwig von Hove,'

and put that inside the tin cup. Then he wrapped it up in a piece of brown paper, put it in his pocket, and went to the palace.

"When he reached the palace he saw great lords and ladies, clad in gay and costly clothes, walking up the white marble steps that led to the great house. The guards looked scornfully at the shabby little lad as he climbed the steps, walked between them, and passed through the door which led into the great reception hall.

"Ludwig had never seen anything so beautiful in all his life. The floor was as white as snow, the walls were covered with tapestries, the windows were hung with purple curtains. At the end of the hall, upon his throne, which was covered with purple fringed with gold, sat the king. He was clad in a purple robe that was bordered with gold. Beside him stood his bodyguard, his servants, and his messengers. At the right stood a herald, at the left was a clerk, and by the side of the clerk was a scribe.

"As the people passed by, the herald

announced their names, and the clerk received and announced their gifts. To each gift was attached a little card, on which were written the name of the giver and some words of greeting or petition; and you could see by what was written on the cards that many made their gifts hoping they would receive something from the king in return. These cards it was the business of the scribe to read to the king. So, as the people passed by, the herald announced their names, the clerk announced their gifts, and the scribe read their cards to the king.

"There were a great many who passed by.

"'Lord Wantmore,' announced the herald.

"'A silken purse,' said the clerk.

"And the scribe read to the king:

"'*For the King's return I will patiently wait;*

Perhaps he will give me a larger estate.'

"'Sir Seekfavor,' announced the herald.

"'A silver salver,' said the clerk.

"And the scribe read from the written card:

"'*From the King, of course I seek no reward;*

But perhaps he would like to make me a lord.'

"'Lady Lovelooks,' announced the herald.

"'A jeweled matchbox,' said the clerk.

"And the scribe read:

"'*I have many hopes, but greatest of all*
Is to dance some day with the King
at the ball.'

"'Mistress Fondmother,' announced the herald.

"'A carven shield,' said the clerk.

"And the scribe read:

"'*A humble request I send with this card,*
That my sons might serve on the body-
guard.'

"'Mr. Richfellow,' announced the herald.

"'A gilded punch-bowl,' said the clerk.

"And the scribe read:

"'*When the King returns from over sea,*
I hope he will remember me.'

"There were so many people in the line that I cannot mention the names of all or remember their gifts. It was plain to be seen that the king grew very weary; and when the very end of the line came, and

Ludwig at the end, the king was talking to one of his messengers at his side. He did not see Ludwig as he passed by. The herald looked haughtily over the head of the shabby lad and did not take the trouble to announce his name. The clerk did not proclaim his gift; he did not even hand it to the scribe. He took it and tossed it carelessly to the serving man who stood behind him.

"Ludwig's heart was nearly broken. The herald had not announced his name. The clerk had not announced his gift. It had not even been given to the scribe, and the king would never see it. It had been tossed away to be forgotten. And, worst of all, the king had not even seen him as he passed by. His first thought was to rush from the room as fast as he could, but it was so grand a place that it fascinated him, and he stayed and looked around at the beautiful hall, gazed at the king, and listened to the grand lords and ladies as they talked.

"When the king saw that the line had passed by and that there were no more people to follow, he rose and spoke a few words to his subjects. He wished them great joy, health, and happiness while he

was over sea. He would be glad to greet them upon his return, he said.

"'A cup!' called he to the messenger, that he might drink their health.

"The serving man brought him a tray with a goblet on it. The king took it carelessly, then looked at it in amazement. It was the most beautiful golden goblet that he had ever seen. It could not be his. He had no goblet like that, — yet there was his picture on the outside of it. He was puzzled. He turned to the serving man for explanation.

"'Whence got you this?'

"'The gift of one of the guests, Your Majesty.'

"'What might be his name?'

"'Ludwig, Your Majesty, I think. Your Majesty will find it inside the goblet.'

"The king removed a piece of paper upon which were written the words:

'To the King, with my love,
From Ludwig von Hove.'

He nodded to the herald, and the herald proclaimed in a loud voice: 'Ludwig von Hove! Let him step before the king.'

"The lords and ladies looked about excitedly, curious to see the magnificent man who had presented so costly a gift. But no one stirred.

"The king nodded again to the herald. A second time the herald announced: 'Ludwig von Hove, or his servant! Let him step before the king.'

"The eyes of all the lords and ladies were held so high that they did not see little Ludwig until he was fairly before the throne. How small and shabby he looked as he stood there before the great tall king, clad in his robe of purple and gold.

Ludwig was frightened.

"'What is thy name?' said the King, sure that he was a servant.

"'Ludwig von Hove, your Majesty.'

"'Ludwig von Hove. And is this thy gift to the King?'

"'No, Your Majesty. There is some mistake. My gift was a little tin cup, just a little one, — a bright, shiny one.'

"The king turned to his serving man again for explanation.

"'It is the same, Your Majesty. I received it from the hand of the clerk, who took it from the hand of this youth.'

"Ludwig was now certain that something must be wrong and was greatly troubled.

"'Thou sayest thy name is Ludwig von Hove?' asked the king, slowly.

"'Yes, Your Majesty.'

"'And thy father's name?'

"'Martin von Hove, Your Majesty.'

"'Martin von Hove,' repeated the king, a look of pleasure and surprise in his face.

"'And his trade?'

"'He is a teacher, Your Majesty.'

"'Where does he live?'

"'Outside the King's Gate, Your Majesty.'

"The king turned to his messenger.

"'Send for him at once. Say to him that the king commands him to come. Make haste.'

"'And thou sayest,' said the king, turning again to Ludwig, 'that it was a tin cup thou didst give to the scribe?'

"'A little tin cup, Your Majesty.'

"'And didst thou write these words:

"To the King, with my love,
From Ludwig von Hove."

And didst thou put them inside the cup?'

"'I did, Your Majesty.'

"The king rubbed his hand over his forehead as if trying to remember something. Then he looked as if he had remembered, and repeated slowly, for he had not heard the words for twenty years:

'Remember the saying of long ago,
The wise man taught of old,
Love turns the gift to gold, you know,
Love turns the gift to gold.'

"'I understand,' said he. 'It is plain. Thy father taught me this many years ago.'

"The messenger returned bringing Martin with him — The king gave Martin his hand, and spoke to him gravely and tenderly.

"'Behold,' said he, 'the wisest man I have yet found in my realm.'

"Then the king gave command that Ludwig should be made the king's cup-bearer, and his father should be appointed the teacher of his own young Prince.

"Ludwig served the king faithfully until the king grew to be a very old man. He often carried to the king this golden goblet which he had given to the king, and from it the king frequently drank.

"When the king grew to be a very old

man he called Ludwig to him one day and gave him the golden goblet. He might keep it as long as he lived, and then give it to his children, and his children's children, that they might know how much the king had loved their father and their grandfather. Upon one side of the cup the king wrote these words, cut them deep in the gold, 'To Ludwig, from Saxon, King'; and upon the other side was the one line,

'*Love turns the gift to gold.*'"

The father paused. The children's eyes were full of wonder.

"Father, how did the tin cup turn to gold?" asked the ten-year-old.

"Well," said the father, "that is a mystery. Ask the minister."

The Spirits of Spring

The Spirits of Spring

ELL me a story, Uncle."

"Tell you a story? What about?"

"Oh, 'most anything."

"'Most anything? Well, 'Most Anything had a wife. Her name was Anything, and Anything and 'Most Anything had six children. Their names were Hope, and Fear, and Help, and Fret, and Hop-skip, and Feel-bad. The six children were all spirits, and so of course their father and mother must have been spirits, too.

"One of the parents — I don't know which one — was cheery and gay; and the other one — I don't know which — was gloomy and sad; and that is how it happened that half of the six children were cheery and gay, and half of them were gloomy and sad.

"The cheery and gay ones were Hope and Help and Hop-skip. Hope had bright eyes, Help had quick fingers, and Hop-skip had nimble feet. And they all had red jackets, red caps, and black, red-topped boots.

"The three children that were gloomy and sad were Fear and Fret and Feel-bad. Fear had a pale face, Fret had a puckered mouth, and Feel-bad had weepy eyes. He was always crying. They had gray jackets, gray caps, and black, gray-topped boots.

"Now, these six spirits, being out-of-door spirits, were out in the fields and woods from the time when the snow went till the time when the snow came.

"They played in the fluttering leaves of spring,
They danced in the flowers of June;
In the yellow autumn they had their fling
In the mellow light of the moon.

"In the summer they slept in the dew-drops. In the fall they slept on the white frost. But when the white frost became too thick, and the winds became too nippy, and November became cold, one could find them talking together about some nice, snug, cozy place to sleep. So on a very cold,

"In the yellow autumn they had their fling in the mellow light of the moon."

November evening we find them under a hemlock bush by a deep, quiet pool, talking with chattering teeth as to where they shall spend the night.

"'I say,' said Hop-skip, 'let's dive into the pool. It's warmer in the water than it is outside, and there's a nice, soft, muddy bottom to sleep on.'

"So splash, splash, splash, splash, splash, splash, they dived down into the deep, still pool, and lay quietly upon the nice, soft, muddy bottom.

"They had not slept very well for the last few nights because it had been rather cold, and so this night, on the nice, soft bed on the muddy bottom, they slept and they slept and they slept.

"When they woke up in the morning they rubbed their eyes, and, to their great dismay, they saw that in the night the pool had frozen over, and try as they would they could not get out. It was rather disconcerting, to be sure. Fear and Fret and Feel-bad were frantic.

"'What shall we do?' said Fear.

"'We'll never get out,' said Fret.

"'We'll die in the mud,' said Feel-bad.

"So Fear feared, and Fret fretted, and Feel-bad felt bad.

"Well, it was rather fearful, even to the red jackets, but if they were very much frightened they did not show it. Hope hoped, and Help helped, and Hop-skip hop-skipped.

"'Oh, it's not so bad,' said Hope.

"'We'll find a way out,' said Help.

"'Let's have some fun to pass the time away,' said Hop-skip. And he put on his skates.

"'Where are you going to skate?' growled Feel-bad. 'You can't get on top of the ice.'

"'Skate on the under side'; said Hop-skip; 'just as good and ever so much smoother.' Of course spirits can skate just as well upside down as right side up, and so in no time the red jackets were off safely over the ice.

"But nothing could induce Fear and Fret and Feel-bad to join them. They sat there in the soft mud with their chins in their hands, and their hands on their knees.

"*They snuffled and snuffed and sniveled,*
Wiped this and the other eye.
They droned and drearily driveled,
And talked of the days that were by.

"But not so the red jackets.

"*They fracassed and frisked and frolicked,*
Had too much fun to be glum.
They ran and they raced and they rollicked,
And planned for the days to come.

"One day, as they were skating, there was a crack and a loud crash. Hop-skip had broken through the ice and fallen up. Hope and Help soon followed him. They, too, fell up.

"The crack caused even Fear and Fret and Feel-bad to look up. They had sat so long on the bottom that their joints were stiff and they were all but stuck fast in the mud. But they managed to get free, swim to the surface and jump out. They really were none the worse for wear, but they all knew that they had lost the fun of a whole winter's skating as they had sat there on the bottom of the pool.

"The red jackets and the gray jackets soon got together, all of them; and while none was harmed, they all agreed that they would not again upon a cold November night choose to sleep on the soft bottom of a deep pool.

"The snow had gone, and so they lived out in the woods and fields again.

"They played in the fluttering leaves of spring,
They danced in the flowers of June.
In the yellow autumn they had their fling
In the mellow light of the moon.

"During the summer they slept in the dewdrops, and when fall came they slept on the white frost. But when the white frost grew too thick, and the winds began to nip, and November became cold, you could find them huddled together talking about a nice, snug, warm place to sleep. And so upon a cold November evening we find the six of them sitting close together upon a clothes-line over the tulip bed, talking with chattering teeth as to where they might spend the night.

"'I say,' said Hop-skip, 'let's dive down into the tulips. There are just six, one apiece.'

"So pliff, pliff, pliff, pliff, pliff, pliff, they all dived down into the tulips and curled up snug and warm in the tulip bulbs.

"They had not slept very well for the last

few nights because it had been cold, and so tonight they slept and they slept and they slept and they slept.

"When they awoke, to their great dismay they found that cold frost had come during the night, the ground was frozen stiff, and there was at least two feet of snow above them. It was rather an unpleasant prospect, to be sure! Fear and Fret and Feel-bad were terribly alarmed.

"'What shall we do?' said Fear.

"'We'll never get out,' said Fret.

"'It's worse than the mud,' said Feel-bad.

"So Fear feared, Fret fretted, and Feel-bad felt bad.

"But if the red jackets were at all frightened, they did not show it. Hope hoped, and Help helped, and Hop-skip hop-skipped.

"'Who's afraid?' asked Hope.

"'We'll get out yet,' said Help.

"'Let's get busy to pass the time away,' shouted Hop-skip.

"The rest all joined him; that is, all the red jackets; but nothing could persuade the gray jackets, Fear and Fret and Feel-bad, to do so.

"They wept and they wailed and they worried
Till each had a pain in the head.
They moaned and they moped till they made
themselves ill;
All three of them fell sick abed.

And in their bed they stayed, and talked about all their troubles.

"But not so the red jackets.

"They were cheery and chipper from boot to
crown,
Right merry as you may surmise;
They whooped and they hipped and they
hopped up and down,
For fun and the exercise.

"But by hopping up and down for fun and the exercise they were doing something that even they did not realize. Each time one hopped up in his little bulb he struck his head against the ceiling, and every time he struck his head against the ceiling he pushed it up just a little, but he pushed it so little that he didn't know he pushed it at all. So as day after day they whooped and hipped and hopped up and down, they kept pushing the roof of their house up a little higher and a little higher, and indeed they were well

up in the air before they knew it. They did not know where they were until one day a little crack of light came in, so that each one of them could see that they were in a great, beautiful red chamber. The next day they were out, and as each one turned and looked behind he saw that his house was a beautiful, flaming red tulip.

"'Well, I see that the red tulips are up,' said the gardener. 'But for the life of me I can not find the gray ones. I wonder what the matter can be.'

"With that he took a spade and turned up the three gray tulips.

"'Humph! just what I thought — spoiled! Hadn't life enough to come up. I never did have much faith in those gray tulips. The red ones for me!'

"Of course when the gardener put his spade into the ground and turned up the three tulips, Fret and Fear and Feel-bad tumbled out. They were none the worse for wear, but they felt much ashamed that they had not been able to come up like the red jackets; and when they heard the gardener say what he did, they walked away as if in disgrace.

"The gray jackets and the red jackets soon got together again, and they all agreed, though they were all now safe in springtime, that they never again would choose to spend the night in six tulip bulbs.

The snow had gone, and so they were away again to the fields.

"They played in the fluttering leaves of spring,
They danced in the flowers of June;
In the yellow autumn they had their fling
In the mellow light of the moon.

"Upon the first very cold night of the autumn they fell to talking about where they should spend the winter.

"'I say,' said Hop-skip, 'let's go to the land where it is always spring.'

"'Who knows where it is?' asked Fear.

"'The wild goose,' answered Help.

"'Who'll ask him?'

"'I,' said Hop-skip, who was always ready for errands. And so he asked the wild goose:

"'Wild goose, wild goose, swift of wing,
Tell me where is the Land of Spring?'

"And the wild goose honked down,

"'*Beyond the land where the north wind blows,*
Beyond the land where the white snow flies,
Beyond the land where the icicle grows,
Past Death-o'-Cold the Spring Land lies.'

"They walked and they walked and they walked, through the land where the north wind blew. Oh, how bitter the north wind blew! Fear feared, and Fret fretted, and Feel-bad felt bad. But Hope told Fear to cheer up, and Help took Fret by the hand, and Hop-skip took Feel-bad upon his back. And so they got past the land where the north wind blows.

"They came to the land where the white snow flies. Oh, how the white snow did fly! Fear feared, and Fret fretted, and Feel-bad felt bad. But Hope told Fear to cheer up, and Help took Fret by the hand, and Hop-skip took Feel-bad upon his back, and so they got through the land where the white snow flies.

"They came to the land where the icicle grows. There was a great precipice. Down that great precipice hung one long, white, shining icicle. Fear feared, and Fret fretted, and Feel-bad felt bad.

"'I never can climb it,' sighed Fear.

"'I'll slide down sure,' moaned Fret.

"'I'm always light-headed when I climb,' groaned Feel-bad.

"But Hope got out his little axe, and cut niches for their feet in the icicle. Help got out his rope, and Hop-skip seized his alpenstock. In a short time all six were upon the top of the precipice beyond where the icicle grows.

"Here, there was a little bare ground not so big as this room. No grass, no icicle, no snow. Only cold and stones and bones. Just beyond it was a great gray wall. A wall before them, a precipice behind them! In the wall there was a little narrow gate, and through the gate they could see the green grass and the sunlight, they could smell the flowers, and they could hear the bird songs; for there was the Land of Spring. But at the gate stood Death-o'-Cold. His head was a skull, he had long bony fingers, his teeth rattled, and the wind blew through his ribs. If he caught you with his bony fingers, he made you numb, and then he gnawed your bones.

"They all were somewhat dismayed. Fear

and Fret and Feel-bad shook until their knees knocked together. Even Hope and Help and Hop-skip shuddered just a bit. But if they were much frightened they did not show it. Hope told Fear to cheer up; but beyond encouraging them the red jackets could do nothing for the gray jackets. There was just room in that gate for one at a time. Each one had to look out for himself.

"Hope said, 'I'll go first. Who'll follow?'

"Hope slipped through the fingers of Death-o'-Cold, Help dodged when Death-o'-Cold wasn't looking, and Hop-skip leaped clean over his head.

"Then upon a beautiful, silvery path, between rows of sweet-smelling flowers, and amid the song of birds, they walked up to the palace made of sunlight, dew-drops, and rainbows; and Hope, Help and Hop-skip always after lived in the palace in the Land of Spring."

"Did the gray jackets get in, Uncle?"

"Of course not, boy. They did not have courage enough. They *might* have got in because Death-o'-Cold wasn't so bad as he looked. But Fear did not dare to try, Fret fretted until he had a pain in the head

and couldn't see, and Feel-bad fainted dead away."

"Did the gray jackets die?"

"Oh, no; spirits never die."

"They slid down the icicle, I suppose?"

"I suppose so. They were better at sliding down than they were at climbing up, much better."

"Where do they live now?"

"Oh, 'most anywhere. I thought I heard one of them around the house yesterday."

The White Lily

The White Lily

AN EASTER STORY

HERE is an old legend that when Jesus on Easter Day walked from the tomb, Easter lilies sprang up in his footsteps. I am going to tell you another story about the lilies which I think is just as true as that one.

It was a morning in early spring in the old city of Jerusalem. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, the flowers were blooming; and nowhere in all the city was the grass greener or the leaves more glossy, or the birds more lovely, or the flowers gayer than in the garden of Joseph of Arimathæa, which lay toward the northern part of the city, just within the city limits. Beyond it a little way, almost hidden by the houses, was a hill which because of its

peculiar shape and its steep, bony sides was called "The Skull."

It was a very gay week in Jerusalem, for it was the week of the greatest festival of all the year. People from all over Palestine were there to celebrate the national festival and keep the great feast with their friends and kinsmen. Although usually a very joyous week, this particular festival was much disturbed because of the presence in the city of a man called "The Galilean," a teacher from the hill-country to the north. He did not teach just as the priests and scribes taught. Some of the people believed in him; others disliked him; some hated him and secretly or openly, wanted to be rid of him.

But it was all quiet and lovely enough upon this early Friday morning out in the garden of Joseph of Arimathæa. The sky was clear with the exception of a little cloud, just tinged with dark red, which hung over the hill which was called "The Skull." The garden was not very large but was very beautiful. It was varied. There were hills and hummocks and valleys; there were trees — the trim cedar, the slender poplar, the spreading sycamore. There were flowers

— the white rose of Sharon, the purple iris and the red lily. Over at one side of the garden there was a wall of gray rock in which Joseph, the master, had just had built a new tomb in which some day he thought he might lie, right near the flowers which he loved.

The morning shadows were still long and the dew was still on the grass when Nathan, the gardener, and his young son, Benjamin, came out with sickle and knife and spade to trim the grass, the flower beds and the walks between. Nathan was a solemn man, with seamed and careworn face. Benjamin was a lad just turning his teens, full of life and spirit. He had lately begun to learn the trade of his father, and now from morning until night he and his father worked side by side in the garden, and as they worked they talked. Now they were spading the iris bed.

"Father," asked Benjamin, "why is this called iris?"

"Because it is iris, my son," said Nathan gruffly, his good-nature not yet fully awake.

Benjamin smiled but said nothing, for he understood his father.

Now they moved to the lily bed.

"I suppose," said Benjamin, looking up slyly under his hat, "I suppose the lilies are just lilies, Father. We have only red lilies; why have we no white ones?"

"They do not grow in this country, my son; they grow only to the north."

"Father, do the red lilies always come up the same shade?" asked Benjamin, not knowing whether his question would be answered or not, after his experience with the iris.

"Always the same shade, my son. Once a red lily, always a red lily."

"But here are certain ones that are redder than the others."

"It is an accident."

"But might we not take this light one and plant it and would there not come up other light ones and perhaps after a while we might have a white lily?"

"Impossible, my son. My father, your grandfather, had a saying which he used of anything which he thought was most impossible — that it would happen when the sky turns green and the grass turns blue and the red lily comes up white. It is a strange saying; I do not know where he found it."

And now they were trimming the walk just in front of the new tomb.

"Father, where do we go when we die?"

"I do not know, my son."

"What do the priests and the scribes say?"

"They are wise men; they say very little, my son. It is a dark subject. There are some who say we go nowhere."

"But we must go somewhere, Father. There must be a heaven, you know."

"So I thought, my son, when I was your age, but I have grown to doubt. I shall believe it when the sky turns green, when the grass turns blue and the red lily comes up white."

"But this man, The Galilean, teaches that we shall live hereafter, does he not?"

"I do not know what he teaches. He is a strange fellow. They say that he is wicked; that he wants to be king; that he deceives the people."

"It is false, Father; he is a good man. I have seen him. On the first day of the week I saw him as he came into the city, when the crowds were shouting and singing and spreading their garments in the way. We

boys were waving palms, and he looked kind and gentle, not at all like a king, and the next day in the Temple when we were singing,— the day he drove out the traders,— he put his hand on our heads and spoke kindly and asked what our names were and said he hoped that we would always remember that day and be reverent in the house of God. He is not a wicked man; he is good."

"It may be, but only the ignorant and the poor are following him."

"But does not Joseph, our master, believe in him?"

"I do not know; sometimes I think he does. Joseph is a righteous man but he is over cautious. If he believes in The Galilean let him be bold and say so. This man —, have you seen him since that second day?"

"No, I have not seen him, Father, but I fear for his safety. I was in the city the day before yesterday and I saw one of his followers, the one with the black beard, you know, and the shaggy eyes. I never liked him. I saw him in the narrow street behind the palace talking with one of the priests, — that little one, you know, that always smiles, and looks at you with his ears. When they

saw me they started, and yesterday when I was in the city a strange man asked me if we boys knew whether The Galilean was going to eat the great feast with his friends. I wonder why he asked me. I told Joel, the son of James. He said there was a conspiracy, and if he saw The Galilean when he came into the city he was going to tell him to *beware*. I fear some harm may come to him."

At that instant there was a hoarse sound of shouting that came from the direction of the city. Nearer and nearer it came and then there appeared the first of a strange procession. There were four soldiers, walking two and two. Behind were three men with heavy timbers upon their shoulders. And then pressing close, crowding, jeering, came a great crowd of excited people.

Nathan and Benjamin leaned upon their spades and looked.

"An execution," said Nathan, beckoning with his hand toward the hill.

"It is The Galilean," said Benjamin excitedly, "Father, that tall man in the middle, just before the other two is he. I told you so. They are going to kill him."

The great crowd surged by the garden of Joseph of Arimathæa. Nathan and Benjamin dropped their spades where they stood, joined the crowd and were soon separated from each other.

The terrible procession swept on up the hill that was called "The Skull." Then the soldiers put The Galilean and two thieves upon the three crosses. The coarse, vulgar, brutal crowd closed in around. Not far away was a little group of boys, in the very centre of which was Benjamin.

The boys told him in anger what had happened in the city. They had put an old purple robe upon The Galilean and they had made a crown out of small sticks and put it on his head and had made believe he was a king and they were his subjects. They had bowed down before him and one insulting fellow had put a stick in his hand and called it a sceptre, and then had torn the stick from his hand and struck him on the head with it; and one had spit upon him.

As Benjamin listened, his face flushed and his teeth shut tight. The crosses were now up in their places. A rough man with

coarse voice standing near shouted at The Galilean, "Aha, you saved others, save yourself and come down from the cross."

This was more than Benjamin could endure. He leaped out from the group of boys, his fists tight, his eyes aflame, his face white.

"Shame," he cried; "hold your speech."

"He is a blasphemer," said the rough man.

"He is no blasphemer; you are the blasphemer. He is a good man."

With one heavy blow of his fist the ruffian struck Benjamin to the ground, where he lay, still and white. Nathan, who was standing a little distance away, heard the voice of his son and saw the blow. He rushed to the aid of the boy, picked him up tenderly and carried him away.

Some time in the afternoon, when the color had come back to Benjamin's cheeks, they talked of the morning.

Nathan said to Benjamin, "It was a rash thing to do, lad, but it was the deed of a man."

It was a weird, wild afternoon. Just as the sun had reached its height, strange gray

clouds began to gather. The sky seemed to turn green and the grass blue.

The dusk was beginning to gather before Nathan and Benjamin had heart and strength to go out and take up the spades, which had lain so quiet in the garden all day, and resume their work.

Soon they heard hushed voices and quiet steps coming near. It was Joseph, their master. With him were his rich friend and some strange women. Servants of Joseph were carrying the body of The Galilean. Joseph beckoned gravely to Nathan and Nathan beckoned to Benjamin; they opened the doors of the new tomb, and in it they laid the body of The Galilean, wrapped in linen and fragrant with spices. Joseph himself closed the door.

Then they turned away.

As they did so Benjamin heard one of the women say something about coming early the first day of the week. Then night fell and the quiet of the Jewish Sabbath.

With the first rays of the sun on the first day of the week, Benjamin was up and away to the garden, but someone had been there before him. The doors of the tomb were

open and women were standing near, amazed, and frightened. They told Benjamin strange things. The Galilean was not there in the tomb; an angel had said that he had risen. As they hastened away to tell their friends the strange news, Nathan drew near with his sickle and knife and spade to begin the day's work. As he saw the doors of the tomb open, he was so startled that his sickle all but dropped from his hands.

"What meaneth it, Benjamin?" said he. "Have they taken him away?"

"He is risen; he is alive again," said Benjamin. "The women said so; an angel told them."

"Nonsense! nonsense! I will believe such things when the sky turns green and the grass turns blue and the red lily comes up white."

"Father, look!" said Benjamin, pointing.

At the corner of the tomb under the poplar tree, stood a lily, straight as a queen and white as the snow.

"Wonderful, wonderful!" said Nathan. "The red lily *has* come up white. The story of the women is strange. But it must be so! It must be so!"

Nathan and Benjamin soon joined the company of those who believed in the Galilean. None of all that company was more changed and none was more sure than Nathan that The Galilean lived and that *he*, too, was going to live forever and ever. The people wondered how it had all come about. Some said it was because of Joseph, their master; some said it was because of the brave deed of Nathan's boy. Nathan himself only said that he had been a changed man and his heart had been full of hope and joy, since the morning when the red lily came up white.

The Royal Engine

The Royal Engine

NCE in the Land of Machinedom there lived a famous tribe called the Locomos.

They were a mighty people. Every man was a giant, stronger than Samson. He had arms and legs of iron, muscles and nerves of steel, and he never grew tired. He could run for hours and hours without once sitting down to catch his breath or rest his joints or even to take a drink. He had a round face, a low, dark brow, and one bright eye right in the middle of his forehead.

Now this tribe was the mightiest and swiftest in all the land, and never feared a foe. Their country was serene and peaceful, so that the king felt free to go and come when he would. Each year at autumn time he and his nobles went far from the capital for weeks of sport and pleasure. And he was never disturbed by fears or evil tidings.

But there came a year when he was disturbed. A messenger from the court came riding with all haste, breathless and anxious. The king must return at once! A new tribe had settled in the land, by the name of Automos. They, too, were a mighty folk and there was a great host of them. Like the Locomos they had arms and legs of iron, and muscles and nerves of steel, and like the Locomos they were swift and tireless. But instead of one huge eye, each Automo had four smaller ones, and some of the tribe had six, and they all made a frightful cough-cough-cough-cough-ing noise when they ran.

"Make haste, Your Majesty!" cried the messenger. "They overrun the country, they are storming the castle and will surely take it, if Your Majesty be not at hand!"

Then the king was wild with excitement. He assembled his faithful nobles and told them the fearful story. He bade them make ready with all possible speed and it was not long, you may be sure, before the king's beautiful train, all polished and shining, was ready for the journey to the city.

But there was no engine.

The king went himself to the roundhouse where the engines were kept. He selected one of the largest and strongest of all and addressed him:

"I look for an engine, strong and true,
To take my train to the city. Will you?"

The big engine looked at the great train with his one sleepy eye; then slowly and heavily he said: "Too big."

Wasn't the king disgusted! But then he was too wise to waste any words in angry speech. He simply looked sharply at the engine and stepped quickly to the next big engine, standing idly by. To him he made the same speech:

"I look for an engine, strong and true,
To take my train to the city. Will you?"

The second big engine glanced down the track toward the city as if to measure it with his sleepy eye, then slowly grunted in reply: "Too far."

Wasn't the king disgusted! But then he was too wise to waste any words in angry speech. He simply looked sharply at the engine and stepped quickly to one more big

engine that stood near by in his stall. To him he made the same appeal:

"I look for an engine, strong and true,
To take my train to the city. Will you?"

The third big engine opened his one big eye, then lazily replied: "Too tired."

Oh! wasn't the king thoroughly disgusted! But then, as I said before, he was too wise to waste any words in angry speech. He simply looked very sharply at the big engine and then looked about the roundhouse. What was he to do? There was no other engine there that looked big enough and strong enough to carry the train to the city. There was only one engine left and he was a little one. But there was nothing for the king to do but to ask him. So the king stepped up to him and said as he had done three times before:

"I look for an engine, strong and true,
To take my train to the city. Will you?"

Quick as a flash the little engine replied in a sharp hissing voice: "Yes-s-s S-s-ir."

And in scarcely more time than it takes to tell the tale he had run out of the round-

house, passed the switch, and backed down to the waiting train, ready for the start.

He looked very small for so long and heavy a train and the king was by no means sure that he could trust him to reach the city. As he was tugging hard to start the train. the king could not resist asking him:

"Can you do it, little engine?"

For reply the train started, the king swung on board and he could hear the engine puffing out the words:

"I'LL TRY! — I'LL TRY! — I'LL-TRY! THINK-I-CAN! THINK-I-CAN! THINK -I-CAN! SURE I can! SURE I can! SURE I can! It's *easy*, it's *easy*, its *easy*."

And away he went off to the city.

The little engine was swifter and stronger than he looked and it was not many hours before the king and his troops were in the city and in time to save their castle from the Automos.

After several days the king held court and commanded that the four engines be summoned. One by one they were ordered

to stand before him for judgment. As each of the three big engines took his place in front of the king, the king looked at him most sternly and severely, and spoke words to him that would make anything but a steam engine tremble.

As punishment for the engine which had complained that the king's train was "Too big," the king gave command that ever afterward he should be compelled to draw the heaviest freight trains on the line and that he should never draw a passenger train.

As punishment for the engine who had replied that it was "Too far" to the city, the king gave command that never afterward should he be allowed to leave the yard. He should be used only as a switch engine in preparing trains for nobler engines to haul. As to the engine who had lazily replied that he was "Too tired" to carry the king, it was decreed that he should at once be torn limb from limb and thrown upon the scrap heap, where all tired engines go.

Then the little engine was brought before him. In the presence of all the company the king told the story of the brave way in

"The train started, the king swung on board."

which this engine had carried him to the city in time to save his realm.

When the king had finished, and all the company had applauded, the command was given that the little engine should be adorned with gold and silver, that henceforth he should have the honor of carrying the king, and that upon his shining side should be inscribed the name by which he should now and forever after be known — THE ROYAL ENGINE.

The Snowball That Didn't Melt

The Snowball That Didn't Melt

"Biff!
"Flick!
"Swat!
"Smack!
"Biff, biff!
"Flick, flick!
"Swat, swat!
"Smack, smack!"

IT was a fine day in midwinter. The sun was just warm and bright enough to make the snow pack easily. The boys in the neighborhood were having the liveliest kind of a snowball fight. So that is why there was this —

"*Biff!*
"*Flick!*
"*Swat!*
"*Smack!*

And this —

"*Biff, biff!*
"*Flick, flick!*
"*Swat, swat!*
"*Smack, smack!*

Everything ends sometime. So this snowball fight did. One side or the other won,— I have forgotten which. The boys at the little brown-shingled house, where the fight took place, became very busy making balls for the next day's battle. You could hear the "pat — pat, pat — pat," as they rounded and packed the snowballs in their cold, red hands.

When they became quite satisfied that they had enough on hand for a lively battle, they piled the balls up in a neat pyramid just under the edge of the veranda, and went off to look for something new to do.

Then the snowballs fell to talking,— *if it is true* that snowballs talk.

"I wonder what they are going to do with

us," said the top one. "I know what I'd *like* to do. I'd like to hit the nose of that rough, freckle-faced boy who hit the nose of the boy who made me."

"I know what I'd like," said the second. "I'd like to go right through the window of Old Grampy's house. Wouldn't he sputter!"

"Oh! What's the fun in teasing a poor old man?" said another. "I'll tell you what *I'd* like. *I'd* like to hit the minister right in the middle of the back and see what he would do."

"Hit the minister in the back!" said a lively-looking chap down in the middle of the pile. "Be a sport! I'd like to knock the policeman's hat off and see him chase the boy that threw me. That would be fun."

It was, you see, a very bold and mischievous lot of balls, if one may judge from their big talk. And so it was probably well for the peace of the neighborhood that the evening had scarcely fallen when, through a sudden change in the weather, snow, too, began to fall. All night long the snow fell, thicker and faster, thicker and faster. The

wind rose and piled it in stacks. The house was banked to the windows, the veranda was heaped up high. The snowballs were buried deep,— so deep that the boys forgot them. It was spring before the thick covering of snow was melted enough so that they could see the light of day.

It was a long time after this, when there came a day which meant much for at least one of that heap of snowballs.

The sun was bright and hot; the grass was beginning to show green. The snow had all gone except in a few places on the cold side of the houses and under veranda edges. The snowballs were still piled neatly in the pyramid but they looked as if they might tumble down almost any minute. Although it was cool in their shady spot, every one of them was perspiring and several of them looked thin and pale. I fancy they had felt the heat, for all their lives they had been accustomed to a cooler climate.

As they were busy mopping their brows, and sighing for cooler weather they heard a sound, between a sigh and a faint moan. They heard it again and again. It was above their heads, out on the lawn, and not far

away. It seemed to be in or around a shrub or bush, with a tall slender stem and a branching top.

"What's that?" asked several of the balls at once.

They stopped talking, and sighing, and listened. And as they did so, they could hear words very distinctly, though they were not nearly so loud as a whisper.

"Snowball, Snowball, come up here!
My head is hot, my throat feels queer:
I'm going to faint, I surely fear.
Won't some cool snowball come up here?"

"Who are you?" asked Snowball Number One, who sat at the tiptop of the pile. "Where are you and what is your name?"

"I'm Life-of-the-Bush,
In the bush I dwell;
I know not my name,
And so I can't tell."

"I can't see you," said Number One, as he looked intently up at the branches.

"You can't?" said the Bush,
"Then you must be blind.
I'm right up here, —
But never mind."

The voice trailed off weakly; then they heard it again:

"I'm going to faint, I really fear.
Won't some kind snowball come up here?"

"But you are up so high. How can one get there? We have neither a ladder nor wings and we do not know how to climb." Number One did most of the talking; he was nearest the bush.

"I'll tell you how," said Life-of-the-Bush, stopping his rhyme and talking plainly and simply and sensibly. "Just roll down the slope on the lawn to the foot of this bush. Make yourself as small as small can be, creep down into the ground, and take an elevator, which is always running, and you will come directly up to me." The talking ceased, and the snowballs began to look at each other rather uneasily.

"I can't go," said Number Two, who was

in the second row from the top. "I always tan terribly in the sun. It's a long way down to the foot of the bush, and I should be brown as a berry before I got half way."

"I can't go, either," said Number Three, by his side. "I don't tan, but I freckle, and freckles look dreadful on my fair complexion."

"I'm sorry I can't go," said Number Four, from his place in the corner of the third row. "But I feel the heat terribly. My clothes are all sticking to me now."

"It's simply out of the question for me," said a big fat snowball down near the ground. "I know I'd melt before I got there. There isn't much left of me now."

Number One was one of the fairest snowballs of the bunch, but he was not afraid of freckles or tan. He was also one of the smallest of the lot. He looked down to the foot of the bush. It seemed a long way. The sun was certainly burning hot. He was not at all sure that he would live long enough in that sun to reach the bush. But some one should keep Life-of-the-Bush from fainting and he would try.

He turned a quick somersault off the pile down to the ground.

At just that moment something disturbed the whole pile and every ball in it tumbled down and out into the sun.

As soon as Number One touched the ground, he began to roll over and over, and over, as fast as ever he could. It didn't take him more than a minute to reach the foot of the bush. He remembered what Life-of-the-Bush had said, made himself just as small as small could be, crept down into the ground close to the stem and took the elevator, which seemed to be running all the time.

It took quite a while to go up, but finally the elevator paused just long enough for him to get out. He found himself in a cool, rambling house, that seemed to be almost all long, narrow halls. They ran this way and that way and every—which—way. At one end of each hall, where the buds were opening, there were windows with green shades. Everything was very clean and sweet. Right in the middle of the house he found Life-of-the-Bush. He gave her a drink of water, which he had carried in his water-

proof pocket and not only kept her from fainting but made her as lively and well and happy as ever.

Life-of-the-Bush thanked the snowball a thousand times and gave him the freedom of her beautiful house.

"Now that you are here," she said, "perhaps you will stay a while and help me build my house a little bigger. I must build leaves, and buds and branches and bark. I need your help."

The snowball stayed and helped. He found it very exciting work. He worked all day and all night, ran here and there, and never stopped for meals. He packed buds and unfolded them; he pushed out the leaves and built out the ends of branches; he made bark, pressed it till it was hard and colored it gray.

Day after day he worked at his tasks as if they gave him the greatest joy in the world. But now and then Life-of-the-Bush saw him gazing out of the window, as if he were a bit homesick, to get out of doors again.

"Stay with me a little longer," she said, "to help me build my blossoms, and then

I will send you out of doors on a beautiful errand to stay as long as your heart desires."

So Snowball stayed and helped Life-of-the-Bush build her blossoms. Basket after basket of white stuff, as white as snowflakes but ever so much smaller, he carried out to the ends of the branches. Jar after jar of perfume he carried, too, until the blossoms were quite complete.

Then one evening — it was the last of May, or early June — Life-of-the-Bush called him.

"Tomorrow," she said, "there is to be a great Garden Festival. A prize is to be given for the most original and beautiful blossom. All the flowers of the season will be here in the garden. You have been a good friend and a faithful helper. For reward, you may go to the Festival and stay as long as your heart desires."

"But how shall I go?" queried the snowball.

"Right out through the end of one of my branches," said Life-of-the-Bush.

"But I shall fall off," said the snowball.

"I'll tie you on with a stout string, so that not even the wind can blow you off."

"But it's hot outside. I shall melt."

"O, no. I've changed you so the hottest sun cannot melt you."

"But how can I get out through the end of the branch?" asked the snowball, who could not get it through his head that he could really get out to the end of a branch and stay there all day and not fall off or melt.

"Make yourself very small, just as small as when you came up to me and you can go out as easily as you run along these halls," said Life-of-the-Bush.

The snowball became quite excited. The Festival was to begin very early in the morning. Besides he wanted to see, if he could, what had become of the other snowballs. So he decided that he would go out on the branch that night, while it was dark, and be there for the whole day's fun.

So he made himself very small, ran along the hall, crept out through a tiny green door and found himself tied securely to a swaying branch. The air was cool and sweet. He didn't melt, as he half-feared he might, and he didn't fall off. He looked around. Yes, this was the very bush he had seen before, but it was greener now. Morning came and

the great Festival. The garden was full of flowers and folks.

There were lilacs and lilies of shades manifold
There were daisies, and daffodils, yellow as gold.
There were pansies, and peonies, red, white and pink,
And every such flower of which you can think.

You ought to have heard the "Ah's!" and the "Oh's!"
Of all the fine people in all their fine clothes.
You ought to have seen that wonderful sight,
For no rhyme of mine can describe it half right.

People went from bush to bush and from flower to flower. They could not for the life of them tell which blossom they thought most beautiful and original.

The judges wandered about uncertainly with the ribbons in their pockets, not knowing to what plant or bush to tie them.

The snowball grew very much interested, not to say excited, to see what blossom would finally win the prize.

He noticed that groups of people contin-

ually stopped before the bush on which he hung. Apparently they admired it. He soon discovered that they were looking at him and was quite embarrassed.

"Look!" he kept hearing them say, "See this snowball, — and it doesn't melt! Why, it's growing on the bush; it's a blossom!" That was the first that *he* knew that Life-of-the-Bush had changed him from a snowball into a flower snowball. Of course he became very happy and twice as excited.

Indeed, he could hardly breathe from excitement, when the judges came over, in a group, to where he grew. They looked at him and at the bush. Apparently they had never seen blossoms of this kind before.

"I never saw such a big, round, white blossom before," he heard one of them say, as he drew a blue ribbon from his pocket and tied it to the stem on which he hung. He knew and soon, of course, everybody knew that the "Snowball Bush" had won the prize. His heart beat so fast that he thought he was growing red in the face. *Perhaps he was melting*! But he wasn't, for he heard a girl say just then, as she passed, "How white and cool it looks!"

Snowball Number One had often wondered what had happened to his friends, the other snowballs. One reason why he had been anxious to get out of the bush was to find out if he could, what had become of them all. But the doings of the day had driven all thought of them out of his busy head.

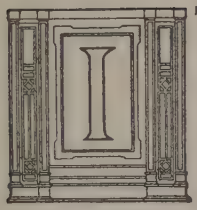
Now, as people began to leave the garden, and excitement grew less, he remembered and looked about him. Here was the yard in which the boys made him. There was the very place under the edge of the veranda where he had spent the winter and where they had all stood that spring morning when Life-of-the-Bush called to them. There was the place, almost under him, where he knew they had all tumbled down the moment he left them. But not a trace of a snowball could be seen.

Of course not! They had all disappeared long ago, the very day, indeed, in which they tumbled down. Before noon the hot sun had melted them, every one, and carried them away, tan and freckles and all, and no one ever heard of them again.

Number One, who ran right out into the sun, was the only snowball that didn't melt.

Boniface And Keep-It-All

Boniface And Keep-It-All



T was in that far away time when there were such things as magic and spells, and when people called their children by such long names as Boniface.

Boniface was a prince. His father was the King of Own-land, and his mother was the Queen of Own-land. Prince Boniface was their only child. He was very young, yet it could be very easily seen that he was going to be strong and tall and straight like his father. But there came a time when his mother and teachers feared that Prince Boniface was growing a bit too selfish, and indeed this was not strange. In the palace the people were always bowing before him

and on the street the people always saluted him. He had almost always everything he wanted and scarcely ever in his life had he seen anyone who was very poor or sick or in trouble.

It was Christmas Day and at the palace of Own-land every thing was in holiday attire. There was a huge Christmas tree in the great hall. But Prince Boniface had besides a Christmas tree in his room, all his own. What a wonderful tree it was! It glittered and sparkled like the diamonds in his father's crown. There was almost everything on the tree and about the tree that a prince could wish for. There were coins — big, rich yellow, shining coins; there were elegant clothes, cloaks, doublets, caps, gloves — many of them and of many colors; there were toys of the most expensive sort; and sweetmeats! — there were sweets enough to fill his eyes to say nothing about his mouth. In fact there was everything that a prince might want to spend, to wear, to eat, or to play with.

"What are you going to do with it all, my son?" asked his mother.

"I am going to keep it all."

"Would you not like to give some of these things away to your poor little subjects? They would be grateful to you, my son. One of those coins would be a great fortune to many a poor fisherman's boy."

"But I want to spend them all myself," said the Prince. "I want to keep them all."

"You have a great many gloves, gloves of many colors. You surely could spare one pair of those. There is many a poor child whose fingers are blue with the cold."

"But I want to keep them all; I need them all. There is a red pair for Monday, a white one for Tuesday, a blue one for Wednesday, a black one for Thursday, a red one for Friday, a white one for Saturday and a blue one for Sundays and holidays. A prince ought to have seven colors instead of four so that he could have a different color for every day."

"See all your toys and sweetmeats. You might spare a bundle of toys and a box of sweets to many of your subjects and still have quite enough left for yourself. They have so much less than the Prince."

"But a prince ought to have more than his subjects. I want to keep it all."

"I wanted to give my son, a happy Christmas," said his mother.

"But that would just spoil my Christmas," whined the Prince.

"Now the Prince is not speaking as one with such a name should speak," said the Queen.

"What do you mean? What name?"

"Boniface, Boniface means benefactor, one who is kind and generous and who gives to those that are poor and needy."

"Then I can *change* my name," said the Prince, angrily.

His mother quietly withdrew, leaving him frowning, and digging his heels into the velvety rug.

When his old nurse came into the room a few minutes later he was still frowning, and digging his heels into the velvety rug.

"Merry Christmas to Your Highness!" He was so busy frowning and digging his heel into the velvety rug that he did not hear her.

"What is the matter with Your Highness this happy Christmas Day?"

"It is not a happy Christmas," replied the Prince.

"Why not?"

"My mother wants me to give everything away."

"Everything?"

"'Most everything; and I want to keep it all. It would just spoil my Christmas to give things away. I don't like that kind of Christmas. I don't like to give things away. I wish I lived in a place where I never had to give things away. I don't like my name, either. I wish I had another name."

"Shh!" said the old nurse. "It is Christmas Day. One must be very careful what one wishes on Christmas Day. It might come true. Sometimes when one wishes on Christmas Day, a spell comes on one."

"What is a spell?" asked the Prince with interest.

"A spell," said the old nurse hesitating, "a spell — why, a spell is a *spell*. It makes you do strange things; it changes you. It makes you say what it wants and it makes you do what it wants. His Highness should be careful what he wishes on Christmas Day; it might come true. I wouldn't wish that I had another name or lived in another place."

"But I *do*," said the Prince, stamping his foot. "I wish it, I wish it, I wish it, I wish it."

The Prince put on his new, fur-trimmed velvet cloak. He opened a drawer where his coins were kept and dropped a handful into his breeches' pocket; he stuffed some toys inside his cloak and fastened it securely; and he put some sweetmeats into the pouch at his side, all that the pouch would hold. He pulled his fur cap down over his ears as far as it would go, and started for the door.

"Where is Your Highness going?" asked the nurse timidly. The door slammed for reply.

The Prince really intended to go only to a neighboring street to see his uncle and show him some of his gifts; but he did nothing of the kind. He could not turn the corner. His feet kept going straight ahead, because, you see, a spell was on him. He met the duke and wanted to speak to him, but his feet would not stop. The duke did not salute him. It seemed very strange to the Prince. Nobody saluted him. He tried to stop to find out the reason for this conduct but his feet would not stop; they

kept going on as regularly as a clock — left, right; left, right. Down the hill he went, to the marketplace, and then through the marketplace to where the street grew very narrow and the little white houses became scattering. His feet carried him right to the door of one of those houses and he found himself knocking. Why he knocked at that door he could not for the life of him say, because you see the spell was on him. A grizzled man with wrinkled face and gnarled fingers opened the door.

"Merry Christmas," said the Prince, as he entered. He had not forgotten his manners even if the spell was on him.

"Christmas, to be sure," said the old man, "but not a Merry Christmas in this house."

"Why not?" asked the Prince. "Is not everyone merry on Christmas Day?"

"My wife is sick. It has been a hard year; we have had much trouble."

"What is your name?" asked the Prince, for a boy can ask that question when he doesn't know anything else to ask.

"Pierre; they call me Pierre the Fisherman. What is your name?"

"Keep-it-all," said the Prince.

"Keep-it-all?" asked Pierre, smiling at the strange name.

"No," said the Prince, who scarcely knew what he had said and did not mean to say it, "No, it is — it is — Keep-it-all." He tried with all his might to say *Boniface* but his tongue would say nothing but *Keep-it-all.*

"Where do you live?" asked the old man.

"At Greedy Green,"said the Prince.

"Greedy Green?" asked the old man.

"No! no! — Greedy Green!" He tried hard to say *Own-land* but he could not for the life of him say it. The spell was on him, you see.

"Keep-it-all from Greedy Green," said the old fisherman. "That is certainly the queerest name I ever heard."

The Prince was anxious to change the subject quickly; so he asked:

"Where is your Christmas tree?"

"We have no Christmas tree in this house."

"Why not?"

"We have no money. It takes money to buy a Christmas tree."

"But, I have money, I will give you some."

He had begun to feel very sorry for Pierre the Fisherman. He had never seen anyone so poor as he.

"I will give you some money." He put his hand into his breeches pocket; that is he *tried* to put his hand into his pocket, but he could not find the opening. In fact, there was no opening. It was just as if there had never been a pocket. Try as hard as he would he could not get to his money. He *had* to keep it all. He grew so embarrassed, as he saw the poor fisherman waiting, that it is hard to say what would have happened if the spell hadn't turned him round and marched him out of the door.

Around the corner he found himself climbing a very rickety pair of stairs and knocking at a very rickety door.

"Come in," said a thin voice from within.

He went in and there he saw the owner of that thin voice propped up in bed. His face, too, was very thin, and very pale.

"Why don't you get up?" asked the Prince.

"I can't; I have had an accident; it was a long time ago."

"What is your name?"

"My name is Louis; they call me Louis the Cripple. I don't like that name. My father is a carpenter." The Prince could hear the father hammering in the back room.

"What is your name?" asked the thin voice.

"Keep-it-all from Greedy Green," said the Prince. "No! no! give me a pencil and paper and I will write it for you." So he wrote "B-o-n-i-f-a-c-e." That is what he thought he was writing, but his fingers would not write it. This is what he really wrote: "K-e-e-p i-t a-l-l from G-r-e-e-d-y G-r-e-e-n."

"Keep-it-all from Greedy Green?" said Louis. "That is not a very pretty name, is it? I shouldn't think you would like it. I think I like mine better."

"Where are your toys?" asked the Prince.

"I have no toys. My father has no money with which to buy toys."

"I have some toys for you, right here, inside my cloak." He put his hand inside his cloak to get the toys. That is, he *tried* to put his hand inside his cloak but for the life of him he could not. He could not undo a clasp, nor, could he put his fingers

in between the clasps; that cloak was as tight as if it had been locked. You see, the spell was on the cloak.

He did want to give Louis the Cripple one of those toys very much but he could not do so. He had to keep them all. He was glad to open the rickety door, walk down the rickety stairs and be out once more on the street.

His way lay past a sweetmeat shop with a great window. Right in front of that window with their noses pressed tight against the pane was a little group of dirty, forlorn, ragged boys and girls. They were pointing and looking longingly at the many kinds of sweets inside and choosing what kind they liked best. The Prince stopped for a minute and watched them.

"Would you like some sweetmeats?" he said.

"Yes," said they all at once, gathering about him with hands held out eagerly.

"I have some in my pouch for each of you." He put his hand into his pouch and drew out the most wonderful sweets you ever saw. "Here is a piece for each of you." But there was not. It stuck to his hands;

for the life of him he could not get if off. If he took it off one finger it would stick to another. And the boys and girls could not pull it off either. At first they were disappointed, then they were amused. They called him "Sticky Fingers," and "Sweetmeat Fingers."

"We don't want any sweets," they said. "You may keep it all." And indeed there was nothing for the Prince to do but to keep it all. He drew on his gloves and ran away as fast as he could go. He was going so fast as he turned the corner that he almost knocked down little Bernard, the baker's son. The boy had his arms full of loaves, and was crying bitterly.

"What is the matter?" asked the Prince. He knew little Bernard and had seen him at the castle.

"I am cold, my ears and fingers are so cold." His ears were very white, indeed, and his fingers were very blue.

"You may have my cap and gloves," said the Prince generously. "I have many more at home." But the spell was on the cap and gloves. He could no more pull his cap off than he could pull off his scalp; and he

could no more pull off his gloves than he could pull off his fingers. He had to keep them on. Bernard thought the Prince was making sport of him and ran away upon his errand.

The Prince's heart was nearly broken. He started up the hill, as fast as he could run, toward the castle, saying to himself at every step he took: "I wish my name was Boniface and that I lived in Own-land."

"Halt!" said the sentry at the castle door. The sentry did not recognize him, you see.

"What is your name?"

"Prince Boniface of Own-land." How happy the Prince was to discover that he had his own name back again!

"I beg Your Highness' pardon," said the sentry. Then he stood at attention and saluted.

The Prince burst into the door of the castle and if he had not been a prince I really believe he would have burst out crying, too. The nurse was glad enough to see him.

"Where has Your Highness been his long hour?"

"Oh, looking around the town," said he, carelessly.

After a while he told her what had really happened: about poor Pierre the Fisherman, and Louis the Cripple, and the boys and girls before the great candy window, and Bernard the baker's son, whose ears were white and whose fingers were blue with the cold. He told her he had wanted to do something for them all and to her question why he had not done so, he confessed and told her all.

"I could not get into my pouch."

"Why not?" she said, as she saw that his pouch opened easily enough now.

"And I could not get inside my cloak to find the toys."

"Why not?" she said, as he now unclasped the cloak quite easily.

"And I could not get the sweetmeats off my fingers."

"Why not?" she said, for she opened her hand and he put the sweets into it easily enough.

"And I could not take off my cap or my gloves."

"Why not?" she said, as his cap flew into the air and his gloves went clear across the room, he pulled so hard.

"It was a spell," said the nurse. "You wished it on and I'll wager you wished it off again."

The Prince owned that he had. "I wished to be Prince Boniface and to live in Own-land all my life."

There is one thing that the Prince did not tell his nurse and I don't believe he ever told her,— that for one whole terrible hour he had had the horrible name of "Keep-it-all from Greedy Green."

His mother came into the room dressed for a drive.

"I should like to go with you, mother. I should like to go with you, for I want to give some of my things away."

"Now my son speaks like a real Prince Boniface."

In a moment the Prince and his mother were in the royal carriage, surrounded with many packages. The Queen told the coachman to drive where the Prince directed.

They stopped at Pierre the Fisherman's and gave into his wrinkled hand two shining, yellow coins and saw the old man's eyes fill with tears. They visited Louis the Cripple, gave him some marvelous toys and saw his

eyes sparkle with pleasure. They went to the block where the great sweetmeat shop was, and gave to each one of those children more sweets than he had ever had in all his life. They found Bernard the baker's son and gave him a beautiful cap and some wonderful gloves. They went to many other places, too, which I haven't time to tell you about.

That was a wonderful day for Prince Boniface. Before night came he was planning for the next Christmas and the many things he would give away then.

Boniface grew to be a kind prince. The people loved him and he was known as "Good Prince Boniface." Later in life, when his hair was sprinkled with gray, they called him "King Boniface, the Good."

Mrs. Gray's Family

*Mrs. Gray's Family**

SOME of you have heard of Query Queer, the boy who asked so many questions and such queer questions that they called him Query Queer, and of the Wise-and-Wonder Man, with whom he sometimes used to talk.

Query Queer was spending his summer outing on his grandfather's farm. This was the very first day of the outing; and since it was the first day, of course it was a very long day. For Query Queer arose before the dew had been caught up from the grass, before the birds had stopped singing in the early morning, before the sun had grown very hot. By the middle of the afternoon he had become just a bit weary, and for

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want of something very exciting to do he threw himself down in the shade of a spreading oak tree.

He lay there, supporting his head with his elbow, watching the gray squirrels playing tag up and down and around the trunk of the chestnut tree, and watching the little red striped chipmunks playing hide and seek in an old brush pile.

"I wonder why —" thought Query.

Just that minute there was a rustle in the leaves overhead, a *tinkle, tinkle*, in the air, and a *thud* on the ground by Query Queer's side.

"Why, Mr. Wise-and-Wonder Man, is it you?"

"Nobody else," said the little man, dressed in his blue suit with buttons of silver bells, and his blue cap with its fringe of silver bells.

"Well, I am surprised to see you. I did not know that you lived here."

"I don't. I was just passing through, saw that you were here, and thought I would hunt you up and have a word with you."

"How did you know that I was here?"

"Why, I saw your tracks in the meadow."

"Why, Mr. Wise-and-Wonder Man, is it you?"

"But aren't all people's tracks just the same, especially in the meadow?"

"Oh, no; everybody makes his own kind of tracks. What were you wondering about just now?"

"Why, I was just wondering why all the animals look alike."

"Why, Query Queer, all the animals don't look alike, you know very well."

"Well, I *mean* why all the animals of a certain kind look alike, — why all the chipmunks look alike, and why all the gray squirrels look alike."

"Why, that is easy. They belong to the same family."

"That is what puzzles me," said Query Queer. "You see, my brother and I belong to the same family, but my brother has black hair and I have red, he has brown eyes and I have blue, he has a smooth face and I have freckles, he likes radishes and I like olives. But that is not so with the gray squirrels. They all dress alike, they all look alike, they all play alike, and they all eat alike, as far as I can see; and I don't understand it."

"That is really very simple. You see,

every squirrel does just what his parents did and told him to do, and his parents did just what their parents did and told them to do, and their parents did just what *their* parents did and told *them* to do."

"But how did that come about?"

The Wise-and-Wonder Man tore a thick, soft leaf from the mullein stock and sat down on it for a cushion, took off his little blue cap with its fringe of silver bells that went "tinkle-tankle, tinkle-tankle, tink," crossed his legs and began: —

"You see, just a little after the time when the gray squirrels began to come —"

"When was that?" interrupted Query.

"Well, that was just a little after the time when the chestnuts began to come. Wasn't that funny? Just a little after the time when the gray squirrels began to come, Mr. and Mrs. Gray, old settlers, came to a country something like this — I shouldn't be surprised if this was the very spot — and began housekeeping. As winter came along, they selected a big chestnut tree, and in a crotch in the top of that tree, they built their house, of sticks and grass and

moss, and more grass, and plaster, and leaves. In this nest they were cozy and snug all winter long.

"When the middle of spring came, they had a fine family of four boys, Paul Pry, Sharp Tooth, Gray S., Junior, and Shade-tail.

"You never saw a more devoted mother than Mrs. Gray. Before those little kitten children of hers opened their eyes she used to feed them and chatter to them and carry them about. After they opened their eyes and were big enough to follow her, she used to lead them out on the limbs and teach them how to creep and crawl and climb. She taught them all the rules of the school and just how squirrels ought to live. She told them what they should wear, how they should look, how they should play and what they should eat.

"Every morning, as fast as the mornings came, and three times a day, she made them stand up in a row and repeat the rules of her school. Each one repeated one rule, and then they all four repeated a rule together. And this is the way it was, every morning noon and night.

"'Paul Pry!' Mrs. Gray would say; and Paul Pry would recite:

"'*The first rule of this school — and remember that —*
Is to play rather high and look out for the cat.'

"'Right. — Sharp Tooth!'

"'*For food you may eat nuts, apples and seed;*
But don't even smell *any strange kind of feed.*'

"'Right. — Gray S., Junior!'

"'*Play hard when you play and do as you oughter —*'

("He seemed never to pronounce those words — 'ought to' — right. There are some words that squirrels cannot pronounce correctly.)

"'*Play hard when you play and do as you oughter,*
But don't try to fly, and keep out of the water.'

"'Shade-tail!'

"'*Dress always in gray — in this do not lack —*
And don't fail to keep your tail over your back.'

"'Correct! now, all together.'

"'*For you are the children of wise Mrs. Gray,*
You'll be happy and safe if you only obey!'

"As these children grew up, it became harder and harder for Mrs. Gray to keep them in order and have them do as she wished. They became very anxious to get out by themselves; to eat just what they wanted to eat, play just as they wanted to play, dress just as they wanted to dress, and go just where they wanted to go.

"Finally the time came when wise Mrs. Gray, with a big tear in each one of her black eyes, called her boys together and told them that the day had arrived when they might go out and do just as they pleased. The door of her house was open to them; they could return when they wished to do so, but they could now do just as their fancy led them to do.

"They scampered away so fast that you would have thought they never had cared

anything for home. They played so hard it seemed as if they would jump out of their little gray skins. They chased each other over the limbs, up and down and around about the trunks of the chestnut trees, and out along the rails of the old crooked fence. Finally, just because they were really tired of playing together this boisterous game, each one crept away by himself to think out something quieter that he might do.

"Paul Pry sat down, with his tail over his back, on a low limb of an oak tree. Paul Pry was a very curious squirrel. If there was anything that went on in the woods which he did not see, then nobody saw it. While his eyes were roaming around to see what would turn up, they lighted on a furry object down at the foot of the tree.

"'What's that?' he thought. 'I must see. I believe it is the cat. What was that rule my mother taught me?'

"'*The first rule of this school, and remember that,*
Is to play rather high, and look out for the cat.'

"'What nonsense! Why, she's a really kind-looking creature. She doesn't look as

if she would hurt anybody. I'll go down and get a better look at her.' He crept down softly. 'I believe she's asleep. If I had a straw I would tickle her nose. I almost dare touch her with my paw. Cat! Cat! Can't catch me, can't catch me!'

"'I *can't?*' shouted the cat as she sprang toward the tree. The squirrel scrambled away as fast as ever he could, but not fast enough. The cat caught him right by the back of the neck and carried him away limp to make a good dinner for her kittens behind the house.

"At just about the time when Paul Pry, with his tail over his back, seated on a low limb of the oak tree, spied the cat, Sharp Tooth, sitting on a fence post began to grow very hungry.

"'Where in the world can I find something to eat, — nuts, apples or seed? I'll take a turn around the farmer's yard to see whether something is lying about.'

"Of course something was lying about, and in just about a minute Sharp Tooth was sitting upon a dry-goods box in Mr. Farmer's wood-shed, gnawing a butternut.

"'Good morning,' said a rat from behind a barrel. 'It seems to me you are making a good deal of noise eating your lunch.'

"'No more than you would make if you had a nut as hard as this,' answered Sharp Tooth, rather saucily.

"'Why don't you eat something softer?'

"'Because I don't know where to find it.'

"'I do. Come with me and I will show you.'

"The rat led the way around behind some boxes and barrels, along a beam and down through a tunnel which led right through the wall into Mr. Farmer's cellar.

"'It smells awfully good here,' said Sharp Tooth.

"'Oh, there are delicious things to eat here. You see somebody has even put something right here by my hole for me to eat,' said the rat, pointing to a piece of bread and butter.

"'How very kind they are,' said Sharp Tooth very innocently.

"'Have a bite,' urged the rat.

"'No, thank you. My mother told me not to eat anything that was strange.'

"'Why, how silly! Mr. Farmer eats this,

and all his family, three times a day. It won't hurt you. Smell it.'

"'No, thank you. My mother was very strict. I remember the rule that I used to say every morning, noon, and night:

"'*For food you may eat nuts, apples, and seed:*
But don't even smell *any strange kind of feed.*'

"'Oh, such nonsense,' said the rat. 'That was when you were a baby, anyway. You are grown up now. What harm could it do you to smell that piece of bread and butter? Don't be afraid.' So Sharp Tooth took a little smell. It was good, very good, so good that he thought he would like to taste it.

"He took just a crumb, then a nibble, then a little bigger nibble, then a little bite, and then a good big bite.

"Just as the rat and Sharp Tooth had their mouths well filled, the door opened and Mr. Farmer stepped on the stairs. They were frightened almost out of their wits. The rat ran into the first hole that he found. Sharp Tooth found the tunnel, ran through the woodshed, and never stopped running

until he had hidden himself among the thick leaves of a maple tree.

"Pretty soon he had a strange feeling in his stomach. His head grew dizzy, and he was so sick that he couldn't for the life of him keep his tail up over his back. It seemed as if he never would reach home, although it was only a stone's throw. He crept down the maple tree and along the fence, and finally, with his tail out behind him, he reached the chestnut tree, and crawled painfully up to the old nest.

"'Why, Sharp Tooth,' said his mother, running out to meet him. 'What *is* the matter?'

"'I don't know. I have a pain in my stomach, and my head turns round and round.'

"'What have you been eating?'

"'A butternut,' said Sharp Tooth.

"'Your lips smell to me as if it was butter, rather than a butternut,' said his mother. 'Now, be brave and tell me the truth. You have been eating something else.'

"Sharp Tooth was brave and told her the truth, that he *had* eaten something in Mr. Farmer's celler.

"'What was it?'

"'I don't know the name of it.'

"'What did it look like?'

"'It was white with a little yellow on top of it and then a little green.'

"'Horrors!' said his mother, 'It was poison. You must go to bed this minute, and I will give you a dose of medicine.' She ran down-stairs as fast as she could go, out to the roadside, gathered some heal-all and made a brew.

"'Open your mouth wide' she said, and she gave him a big dose of medicine. It was a day or two before he was able to be around and it was at least a week before he could eat a thing.

"Now, at just about the time when Paul Pry, with his tail over his back, seated on a low limb of the oak tree, spied the cat, and Sharp Tooth, sitting on the top of the fence post began to grow very hungry, Gray S., Junior, out on the edge of a leafy branch, struck up an acquaintance with a cuckoo across the way.

"'Come over here,' said the cuckoo.

"'I can't,' said Gray S. 'It's too far for me to jump.'

"'Fly, then.'

"'I don't know how.'

"'You don't know how? Well, you are a stupid squirrel. In the country where I come from almost all the squirrels fly. A fellow of your age who couldn't fly would be ashamed to own it.'

"'My mother told me not to try.'

"'That was because you were a baby, and she was afraid you would fly away so far that she couldn't find you.'

"'How do you do it?' asked Gray S., Junior.

"'You just jump and spread your feet out like this,' said the cuckoo, spreading his wings, 'and sail across.'

"Gray S. hesitated.

"He remembered the words that he had repeated every morning, noon and night: —

"'*Play hard when you play, and do as you oughter,*
But don't try to fly, and keep out of the water.'

"'Don't be a coward,' said the cuckoo. 'I dare you to do it.'

"Gray S., Junior, could not take a dare,

so he jumped, spread out his feet and sailed. But he didn't sail the way he thought he was going to do. Not being a flying squirrel, he went down toward the ground just as fast as his weight would carry him and fell with a thud. Being a squirrel he landed on his feet, and was not badly injured. But you ought to have seen that squirrel. Right down under the branches there was a soft, oozy, muddy, squashy place, and into that soft, oozy, muddy, squashy place Gray S., Junior fell. He was mud from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail; his eyes, his ears and his mouth were filled with mud. He sneezed and he sneezed, and he coughed and he coughed, and he shook himself, and he shook himself, but he could not get rid of that mud.

"'What in the world am I to do? What in the world am I to do?' he groaned. 'I never can go home looking like this.'

"'Jump in and have a swim,' said a bullfrog that had climbed out of the pond, and sat on the bank close by.

"'No, thank you,' said Gray S., Junior. 'I don't know how. My mother told me not to go into the water.'

"'Very ridiculous! There's no danger. Your mother would never know, anyway. If you go home now, all mud, she will know that something has happened; but if you jump in and take a swim you will be completely cleaned and she never will know that *anything* has happened.'

"That appealed to Gray S., Junior.

"'How do you swim?' he asked.

"'You just jump in like this and make your feet go.'

"The frog jumped in, made his feet go, and soon sat smiling on a lily-pad in the middle of the pond. It looked easy; so Gray S., Junior jumped in after him and made his feet go. But instead of coming up to the surface, he sank down to the bottom; it seemed as if he never would come to the top. Of course, he did come to the top, but, being a squirrel, he was a very poor swimmer, and it was all he could do to keep his nose above water, until with one desperate reach he clutched a big floating chip and climbed up on top of it. He was wet to the skin, he was frightened almost to death and he was shivering with cold, but there was nothing for him to do except

to sit there and wait for something to turn up.

"Finally a bright idea struck him. He shook out his tail, which was very wet, waved it back and forth in the sun and the wind until it got quite dry, then hoisted it up over his back like a sail, and the wind blew him over to land. And if ever a shipwrecked sailor was glad to get to land, Gray S., Junior, was glad when his little chip struck the shore.

"It took him very little time to reach his mother's home in the top of the chestnut tree. And no more penitent squirrel ever confessed his sins to his mother than Gray S., Junior.

"Now just about the time when Paul Pry, with his tail up over his back, upon a low limb of the oak tree, spied the cat, and Sharp Tooth sitting upon the top of a fence post began to grow very hungry, and Gray S., Junior, out upon the edge of a leafy branch, struck up an acquaintance with a cuckoo across the way, Shade-tail was having a conversation with a chipmunk at the edge of a sand bank. They were talking about clothes.

"'What makes you wear that gray suit all the time?' asked the chipmunk.

"'Because it is the only suit I have; besides, my mother taught me to dress always in gray.'

"'I should think you would grow fearfully tired of it. It makes you look like a Quaker.'

"'I do. I wish I had a suit like yours, soft red with pretty white and brown stripes down the back.'

"'That is easy to have. Go and paint yourself all red and then come, and I will put stripes down your back just like mine.'

"'Shade-tail lost no time. He knew where there was some paint, because, being a squirrel, he had seen the painters put it in Mr. Farmer's barn. In a moment he had found a bucket almost full of chipmunk-red paint. He stood upon the edge of the bucket wondering how in the world he was going to get the paint. Something happened, — I've never heard just what. In some way he slipped and fell backward full length into that pail of chipmunk-red paint. If the bucket had not been so full he surely would have perished. As it was, he managed to

catch the edge of the bucket with one paw and drag himself out.

"He was the most wonderful looking squirrel you ever saw. From the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail he was red as a chipmunk. The tail was the most interesting part of him, because, you see, now his tail was no longer bushy, but it was long, straight, smooth and pointed like a rat's tail.

"He took the chipmunk's advice and sat down upon a big flat stone in the sun until he should get dry. When evening came he made his way — his tail of course straight out behind him, because he could not put it up over his back — along the fence rail and up the trunk of the chestnut tree to his old home.

"His mother stood at the door with her hand upon the door knob.

"'Who's this coming?' she said to herself. 'He looks like a tramp to me, red enough to be an Indian.'

"'Good evening,' said Shade-tail, being unusually polite.

"'Who are you?' asked Mrs. Gray, sharply.

"'Why, don't you know me? I'm your son, Shade-tail.'

"'Indeed, you are no son of mine. No son of mine was ever red or had a tail like that. That's a rat's tail. You are a rat, a red, ruffian rat. Begone this minute, or I'll call Mr. Gray. Mr. Gray!' she screamed.

"Shade-tail did not wait for Mr. Gray to appear, but crept down the trunk of the tree as fast as the sticky paint would let him. He spent the night in a corner of the fence, thinking. It all came over him,— his own family did not know him or else they would not own him. He was all alone in the world. As the fall came on, he tried to find a mate but no gray squirrel would live with him. He appealed to the chipmunk, because the chipmunk had got him into the trouble. The chipmunk said he might live with him, but the door of his house was too small for Shade-tail, and the chipmunk was afraid to make it bigger. He appealed to some red squirrels, but the red squirrels saw underneath the paint that he after all was a gray squirrel, their old enemy, and they chased him out of the tree. He went to a weasel's house and asked for permission to live with him, but the weasel saw that he had no white spot on his breast; he flew at him and bit

him in the shoulder. There was nothing left for Shade-tail to do but to spend the winter alone in the lonely loft of the farmer's barn.

"Now, when spring came a strange thing happened. Shade-tail discovered one day that all the old fur on his body and tail, that which had the paint on it, had fallen out, and that instead there had come a new, clean, sleek, gray coat and a bushy, gray tail. No boy with a new cap and no girl with a new ribbon was ever more pleased with it than Shade-tail was with his gray suit and the bushy tail, which he now could put over his back.

"Of course, you know what he did. He went straight to his mother's house, and was received as a long-lost son. But he found out to his sorrow that while he had been gone all his brothers had left the home to make room for a new family. So there was nothing for him to do but to go out and make a home for himself.

"Mrs. Gray told all of her children for years to come about that day when her four sons, Paul Pry, Sharp Tooth, Gray S., Junior,

and Shade-tail, got into trouble because they did not follow her rules. And *they* told the story to *their* children.

"The sons themselves, when they had their families, used to tell the tale to *their* children.

"Sharp Tooth would take his children on his knee and tell them how Uncle Gray S., Junior, had been nearly drowned, and how Uncle Shade-tail had spent a lonely winter in the loft of the farmer's barn, and how Uncle Paul Pry had been killed by the cat — because they disobeyed. And Gray S., Junior, would take his children on his knee and he would tell them how Uncle Shade-tail had spent a lonely winter in the loft of the farmer's barn, and how Uncle Sharp Tooth had nearly died with a pain in his stomach, and how Uncle Paul Pry had been killed by the cat — because they disobeyed. And Shade-tail would take his children on his knee and he would tell them how Uncle Sharp Tooth had nearly died with a pain in his stomach, and how Uncle Gray S., Junior, had been nearly drowned, and how Uncle Paul Pry had been killed by the cat — because they disobeyed. Then each would have his children repeat:

"'*For you are the children of wise Mrs. Gray,*
You'll be happy and safe if you only obey.'

"So, Query Queer," said the Wise-and-Wonder Man, rising to go, "that is why all the gray squirrels do the same things, dress the same way, play the same way, eat the same things. They *must* do that if they are going to be *gray squirrels;* and if they are not gray squirrels they are not anything."

"There is a gray squirrel now, crawling along the telegraph wire," said Query. "Do you know, I never saw one on a trolley wire."

"Neither did I," said the Wise-and-Wonder Man.

"Why not?"

"Because their mothers told them there was danger there."

Much And More

Much And More

UCH and More were two young boys in school. They were just the same age, and yet they were not twins, for the very simple reason that they were cousins, and being cousins they were quite alike in some respects. Each had two feet, two hands, two ears, two eyes, one nose and several other features, but in almost all other respects they were very different. Much was light; More was dark. Much was a little bigger than More; so that the schoolboys in fun used sometimes to call Much "a little More," and More "not Much."

Now More had much more money than Much had, that is, More's father had much more money than Much's father had; More had finer clothes, more of them, and more spending money. Yet Much seemed very

much happier than More. He almost always wore a smile. More usually had a frown. More always seemed dissatisfied with what he had; he always wanted something else, or something better. It was "Give me this" and "Give me that;" it was "Give me," "Give me," "Give me," "Gime," until the boys, half in derision and half in sport, called him "Gim Me."

Much, on the other hand, was always glad for what he had; he always seemed satisfied and happy, and he never forgot his manners. It was "Thank you for this" and "Thank you for that," "Thank you very much," "Thank you," "Thank you," "Thank you," "Thank you," all the time, until the boys, half in admiration and half in fun, called him "Thank You." So it came about that the two were called "Thank You" Much and "Gim Me" More by all the boys in school. They almost forgot their real names, and I have forgotten them altogether.

On the Wednesday before Thanksgiving the boys sat at well-ordered desks, waiting for the two hands of the clock to climb uphill to twelve, when vacation would begin. While they waited, Mr. Master talked

to them about Thanksgiving. He told them something of the history of the day, gave them advice as to how to spend the day, said something about the *Thanksgiving Spirit* and dropped the hint that this Thanksgiving spirit was a magician. But the boys' heads were so full of what they were going to do when the big hand should catch up with the little hand that they heard very little, except that he said something about a *Thanksgiving Spirit* and spoke once or twice about a *magician.*

At last, the clock struck twelve, the gong sounded, and the boys scampered and scattered away like crows at the sound of a gun. Thank You Much and Gim Me More rode away together in the automobile which Gim Me's father had sent for them, because Thank You was to spend Thanksgiving with Gim Me at Gim Me's house.

Vacation days are very short, especially if they happen to be Thanksgiving Days. So night came and dinner and then games and tales of school, and, before the boys thought it possible, they were willing to go to bed. That bed was a big, double, brass bed in Gim Me's room.

The boys undressed, jumped into bed, pulled up the coverlets and snuggled down.

"Gim Me," said Thank You, after a moment.

"What?"

"What did Mr. Master talk about today?"

"I don't know; he said something about the Thanksgiving spirit, I think."

"Oh, yes — the Thanksgiving spirit. I wonder whether we could see it. They say if you shut your eyes you sometimes can see spirits. There was a pause, then Thank You spoke again. Gim Me!"

There was no reply. Gim Me was already asleep and breathing hard.

Thank You did not know whether Gim Me could hear or not so he continued:

"I wonder, if we should shut our eyes, if we could see the Thanksgiving spirit."

No reply, only a snore.

"I'm going to shut mine," said Thank You, slowly and sleepily. "I'm going to shut mine and — and —"

"You're going to shut yours and what?"

A musical voice came from somewhere. It caused both the boys to stir.

"You're going to shut your eyes and what?" repeated the voice.

"I'm going to shut my eyes and — *see* —," said Thank You.

"You're going to shut your eyes and *see?* That is a most extraordinary thing to do. Well, your eyes are shut *can* you see?"

Thank You surely could. There upon the footboard of the bed sat the healthiest, heartiest, happiest and handsomest spirit that Thank You had ever seen since he was born. He had a long crimson coat that was buttoned up with great shiny gilt buttons as big as a dollar. The crimson coat was richly trimmed with black fur. It was furnished with many pockets, all of which were bulging; but the biggest thing he wore was a smile.

"What is your name?" asked the man on the footboard, nodding to the boy on the right, to whom he had just been talking.

"My name is Much — T. Y. Much."

"T. Y? What does that stand for — Thank You?"

"How did *you* know?" asked Thank You.

"I saw it in your eyes. And what is your name?" asked he, nodding to the boy on the left.

"More — G. M. More."

"G. M. — That can't stand for George Washington. Is it Gim Me?"

"How did *you* know?" asked Gim Me, rather sourly.

"I saw it in the corners of your mouth," said the visitor.

"And *you* are the Thanksgiving Spirit," said Thank You.

"How did *you* know?" asked the spirit.

"I see the turkey feet sticking out of your pockets."

"Why, bless my soul, so they are. Yes; I have just come from purchasing my supplies for Thanksgiving Day. I was rather late going to market tonight, and I was just hurrying home. As I was passing by in my aeroplane I heard you talking about the Thanksgiving Spirit; so I thought I would step in and let you see me, and perhaps sing you a song if you would like to have me."

At that, the Thanksgiving Spirit pulled out of one of his pockets a funny little instrument. He called it "the happy harp" or "the happy heart," I don't remember just which, and as he sang he picked the strings:

"O, I am the Spirit of Giving Thanks,
Thanksgiving Day is my day;
I'm not much given to mischief or pranks,
My way is a quieter way.

"(Tumpety, tumpety, tumpety tump.)

"They make great dinners to eat in my name;
They gather the family clan;
They heap up the table, and say what a shame
They cannot eat more than they can.

"(Tumpety, tumpety, tumpety tump.)

"There's turkey and chicken — and goose if you wish —
Potatoes and parsnip and rice;
There's jelly and cranberry, dish after dish,
And everything else that is nice.

"(Tumpety, tumpety, tumpety tump.)

"There's pudding, ice-cream and pumpkin pie,
Mince if you want it, and then,
If, after all this, you are hungry,— why —
Begin all over again.

"(*Tumpety, tumpety, tumpety tump.*)"

"That is my week-day song. I have another one which I call my Sunday song. I like it a little better. I sing it to the same tune, but I sing it a little slower.

"*O, I am the Spirit that maketh glad*
Every house where I lay my head;
I make much out of little and good out of bad
A feast from a crust of bread.

"*I teach men to give of what they receive*
To those who have less than they;
And — would you believe it? — I make them believe
They have more as they give it away.

"*I live in the cottage; I live in the hall;*
I live on the land and on sea;
But the place that to me is the best place of all
Is the place where I happen to be."

"This is a fine room you have here," said the Spirit, looking around, after he had finished his songs.

"Fine!" said Thank You.

"Oh, I've seen better," said Gim Me, sourly.

"You ought to see my room," said the Thanksgiving Spirit.

"We should like to," said the boys.

"Well, come with me, then. You needn't wait to dress, that will take too much time. Just wrap a blanket around you — a coverlet will do. Step right out of the window here, into my aeroplane,— the back seat, if you please,—and hold on to the braces on either side."

They got in and whirred away. In no time they landed — where, the boys had no idea. They could just see that they had stopped before a house; they could not see very distinctly because it was so dark.

"Is this where you live?" asked Thank You.

"This is where I live as much as I live anywhere," replied the spirit. "I live in many places."

"Is this your house?" asked Gim Me.

"Oh, no, I only have a room here. That is a very peculiar thing about me — I always live in other folks' houses and always live with other folks. Step right in; I will open the door. It is a little dark here; so I will strike a light."

He lighted a candle and set it upon the table. They could then see that the room was very small and very bare. The Thanksgiving Spirit sat down on a sofa that stood beside the table and motioned to the boys to sit, one on either side of him.

"This is a pretty small room," said Gim Me, critically.

"Small?" said the Thanksgiving Spirit, "Why, I think it's big; it's big enough for me." At that, the walls and ceiling began to move, going farther and farther away until the room was like a great reception hall in a lordly mansion.

"You have a pretty small light there, rather dim," said Gim Me.

"A small light? Dim? Why, it seems to me it is very bright; it's bright enough for me; I like it." And then the little white candle grew and grew and grew and grew until it became a great, big, white, shiny marble, pillar, surrounded by wonderfully brilliant electric lights.

"I should think," ventured Thank You, seeing but a few books on the table, "I should think it would be better if you had a few more books."

"Books? Why I have all the books that I can read and more." And at a wave of his hand there sprang up bookcases, grand mahogany bookcases, filled with books, all around the room, from window to window. Then the boys knew that the Thanksgiving Spirit was a *magician* after all.

"Now, that you may have something to remember your visit by I want to give each of you one of these," said the spirit, as he reached across the table and out of a little box took a silver ring.

"Here is one for you, Thank You," and he put it on Thank You's finger.

"Oh, thank you!" said the boy. At these words, the silver ring turned to gold. "Thank you very much!" A diamond came right out of the middle. Then Thank You could not say another word, he was so surprised.

"And here is one just like it for you"; and the Spirit slipped one on Gim Me's finger.

Gim Me looked at it a minute and then said, "Give me a gold one." At that the ring turned to brass. "I want a gold one, like Thank You's." At that the ring turned to tin. Then for fear it should vanish

altogether Gim Me put his hand into his pocket.

"And just so that you may know when Thanksgiving Day comes around I will give you this," said the Spirit, and he handed Thank You a fine silver watch.

"Oh, thank you!" said Thank You. At that the watch turned to gold. "It is beautiful sir!" The face became so shiny that you could see what time it was even at midnight.

"Thank —"

But the Thanksgiving Spirit raised his hand so that Thank You could not say another word.

"And here is one just like it for you," said the Spirit as he handed Gim Me a silver watch. Gim Me waited a minute to see if it would not grow and become like Thank You's, but it didn't.

"Give me a nicer one." The watch stopped ticking. "One like Thank You's!"

Then — would you believe it? — the watch shrank and became as small and light as any watch that you can buy at the stationery store for five cents. Before it should disappear entirely Gim Me thrust it into the pocket of his pajamas.

"Now, we must eat our Thanksgiving dinner," said the Spirit, "because when the light comes I shall not have time to stop to eat."

He led the way to a corner of the room where a small table was set for three. The boys had never seen a Thanksgiving table like that one in their lives. There were three slices of bread, very small slices, too, and three pieces of cold meat.

They sat down. Then the magician bowed his head and said, "I thank Thee, Lord, for all the bounties that Thou hast sent to us."

Then the boys' eyes almost popped out of their heads. For the three slices of bread grew into a great, beautiful, white, flaky loaf of bread, and the three bits of cold meat grew into a great, stuffed, steaming, turkey. Dishes of vegetables and salads and sweetmeats sprang up all over the table, so that there was scarcely room for them all.

The magician carved the turkey. He placed upon one plate a thin slice of white meat and a drumstick and handed this to Thank You.

"Thank you very much," said Thank You. At that, the slice of white meat grew to a

great heap and in place of one drumstick there were two.

"Thank you very — "

The magician raised his hand: "Don't say another word, but eat, or there won't be room on the plate for the vegetables, and the gravy is dripping on the doily now. And here's a slice, and a drumstick for you, Gim Me," said he, as he placed the turkey on Gim Me's plate.

"Give me more white meat," growled Gim Me. "I like white meat best." As Gim Me spoke, the white meat disappeared and the drumstick was traveling off the plate so fast that Gim Me stuck his fork into it to hold it.

"And now it is time to go," said the magician after a while, rising and buttoning up his great crimson coat. "I must empty these pockets of mine or many a poor family will not have any Thanksgiving dinner. I am going right past your house and if you wish I will take you home. Just wrap your coverlets about you and jump in."

In less time than it takes to tell you, they were back again and in the great brass bed

that stood in Gim Me's room. The Thanksgiving Spirit pulled the coverlets up and tucked them in.

"There," said he, as he made ready to go, "you have had your trip and are home again, none the worse for wear, and I hope you will have a happy Thanksgiving Day."

The whirr of the aeroplane, I suspect, or possibly it was the rumble of a passing trolley car, disturbed the boys. They sat up, opened their eyes, and rubbed them.

"Well, did you see the Spirit?" asked Gim Me.

"Sure!" said Thank You, happily; "did you?"

"Sure," said Gim Me gruffly.

And that is all they ever said about their visit to the magician's. That is, that is all they ever said to each other about it.

Thanksgiving Day came and went. Many Thanksgiving Days came to them and went. The boys grew to youth, and from youth to manhood. Each had his own home. Mr. Much never became a rich man. He had great misfortunes and many losses; but he always seemed happy for what he had left, and people used to say that Mr. Much was

as happy as if he was the wealthiest man in town.

Mr. More became a very rich man. He had a beautiful home and all the pleasures that folks seemed to think he could desire. Yet he always appeared unhappy, dissatisfied, discontented. Folks said he was always so anxious to have more that he could never really enjoy the much that he had.

Felix, The Wise Man

Felix, The Wise Man

From an ancient time, long, long ago,
When angels spoke to men,
And spoke to them as I speak to you,
And men spoke back again, —

When men believed the angels, too,
As they believed their eyes,
There comes a tale that I tell to you
Of Felix, called the Wise.

ELIX was the son of Peter, the shepherd. That is, Peter had been a shepherd and had led his flocks all over the beautiful grazing country until he grew tired of this wandering life, found a good woman and married her, and built him a neat little cottage far up on a slope of Lost Valley. It was called Lost Valley, possibly because it was so long

before it was discovered, possibly because it was so far away from everywhere, possibly because so many men were lost in the deep ravines that led into the valley and in the deep, blinding snows that fell there every winter.

Here in Lost Valley in the grazing season Peter tended his sheep. As soon as his two boys, Johann and Felix, grew big enough, he used to take them with him to the fields and lead them over the hills. He taught them much about the warnings of the winds and the flight of birds and the movement of the stars as he tried to answer the many questions they used to ask him:

"How do you know that it is going to rain?" "Why do the wild geese always fly in the shape of a letter V?" "Where do the stars go in the daytime?"

It was Sunday evening before Christmas, and a right frosty evening it was, too, in Lost Valley. The cold nipped your ears like pincers; the stars shone as bright as children's eyes. But it was very warm and cosy inside the cottage of Peter the Shepherd. Peter and his good wife sat one on either side of the open fire of blazing beechwood

logs. Johann sat between them. A lamp stood on the table, and underneath the lamp, with his arms outspread on the great Bible, Felix was reading the story of the wise men:

"The wise men came from the East to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born king of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east and have come to worship him." He read the story clear through: "And they offered unto him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh."

"Father," asked he, "who were the wise men?"

"They were astrologers, my son; they studied the stars and knew all about them."

"And they were rich men, too," said Johann, "very rich. They had gold and things that cost much gold."

"But we are not to forget," said the mother, "that they were generous, for they took their gold and frankincense and myrrh and offered them to the king."

"Father," asked Felix eagerly, "are there any wise men now?"

"Yes, I suppose there must be."

"Where are they?"

"They live chiefly in the great cities and in places of learning."

"Did you ever see any around here?"

"I saw one once. He came and stood upon the hill behind the house and looked at the stars through his telescope."

"What did he look like? Did he have white hair and a gray beard and did he wear glasses?"

"I don't quite remember, my son, but I think that he did."

"Oh, I'd like to see a wise man!"

"Well, it is time that both of you were going up the ladder to bed. Your eyes are so nearly shut that you couldn't tell a wise man from a woodchuck if you saw him."

Up the ladder they went to their little attic room. Johann and Felix said their prayers: Felix added a sentence to his prayer that night: "And I would like to see a wise man if there is one anywhere around."

They jumped into bed. As Felix lay on his high pillow, with the comforter drawn clear up over his chin, he could just see out of the little window of one pane. Right in the center of that one pane shone a bright star

that he had seen over and over again as he lay upon that high pillow. He watched it and watched it until his eyes were almost shut. Then a strange thing happened. The star came nearer and nearer and nearer, and grew larger and larger and larger, as it came. It came right through the little window-pane and stood over him as he lay upon his bed. Then it seemed to unfold and what had seemed to be a gleaming star was a bright face, and it spoke to him gently:

"Felix!"

"Who are you?" returned Felix.

"I am the Christmas Spirit."

"Why did you come here?" asked Felix, half afraid.

"I came to answer your prayer."

"What prayer?"

"Why, don't you remember? — the one that you made just now — that you might see a wise man."

"Are there any wise men now?"

"I understand there are some."

"Do you know them?"

"Yes, I know all of them; I make them."

"You make them? What do you make the wise men out of?"

"I make them out of wise boys sometimes."

"Is there one near here?"

"There is one coming, I believe."

"Where does he live?"

"That is a secret."

"Why don't you tell me?"

"Because each one must find him for himself."

"But I do not know the way," said Felix.

"I will tell you the way," said the Christmas Spirit.

"*There is a golden pathway*
That leads to the wise man's door;
There are golden stepping stones, and
Beyond, a golden floor.

"*And this golden, gleaming pathway*
Is not so hard to find;
It lies over streets and ledges
And lands of every kind.

"*It winds and winds through the forest,*
It lies upon the moor,
And if you search the stream beds
You 'll find it, I am sure.

"*And when you find this pathway*
Of smooth and glassy floor,
Turn either left or right hand —
It will lead to the wise man's door."

He turned to go, but paused.
"I almost forgot, — one thing more."

"*If you fail to find the pathway,*
With its golden, gleaming floor,
I will come some time to guide you,
Myself, to the wise man's door."

Then the bright face became a star again and the star glided out of the window, and sailed farther and farther away until it stood just a little above the horizon. Felix looked to see whether he could see it at all. He rubbed his eyes; there was no star. Instead, the big, broad sun shone full on his face and woke him up.

It woke Johann, too. Felix told Johann in great excitement what he had seen and heard during the night.

"It was only a dream," said Johann.

"It was a vision," said Felix.

"It was a dream," repeated Johann.

"No. It was a vision," said Felix stoutly.

"What is the difference?" asked Johann.

"Well," said Felix, "a dream is a dream, and a vision — a vision, — a vision — is *not* a dream."

Just then came the call to breakfast.

For many a day Felix and Johann searched all over that country that they might find the golden pathway that led to the wise man's house. They clambered over the ledges, they wound and wound through the forest, they patiently followed the stream beds, they searched the acres of the moor; — but they could not find the golden pathway. Once they saw something yellow high on the mountain side, but when they climbed to it they found it was only a streak of yellow sand. They saw a gleam one evening across the valley, but their father said it was simply the light of sunset reflected on the ice-covered snow, and even while they looked, the golden gleam vanished. Once they saw a tall man with gray beard and big glasses come up to the hillside beyond the house where their father had seen a wise man, and they were sure they had found him at last.

"Are you a wise man?" ventured Felix.

"No, my boy, I am not," returned the traveler. "I know very little. But I should like to be a wise man."

As the months passed by, the boys came to the conclusion that perhaps after all it was a dream that Felix had had, and not a vision, and they never would see the wise man nor find the pathway that led to his door.

Years passed and the boys grew to youth. Years passed again and Peter and his wife took their long journey beyond the clouds. The boys became young men. Johann, who loved money, went to the city to make his fortune, but Felix stayed behind in the house of his good old father, Peter the Shepherd, and here he lived alone.

Yet he was not alone. The door of his house was always open. There was always a warm fire for the half-frozen traveler, there was always food for the hungry man, and shelter and clothing and a bed for the wanderer who was lost in the darkness or blinded by the snows of Lost Valley.

But that is not all. Felix was a kind of good angel to all that valley. He went from house to house to help any who needed help. All

over Lost Valley could be seen the tracks of Felix. The people called him, Good Felix. He had his regular route. He wound his way down through the forest to the house of Alec, the Woodsman; he followed the stream bed to the lodge of Jason, the Hunter; he climbed the ledges to the hut of David, the Goatherd; and then he traveled home across the moor.

Day after day he went his round; night after night he swung his lantern along the well-worn way. And never did he go empty handed. "Just a sweet," he would say, "for Alec's children," or "Just a bite for Jason's family," when the hunting was poor, and "Just a bit for David, the Goatherd."

And every Christmas eve Felix would carry a bag of toys, — the funny toys of all sorts that he had made with a sharp knife while he watched the sheep in the summer time.

There were dolls with a smile that wouldn't come off,
Ships with rudder and sail, —
Horses and sheep and pigs, and cows
With horns and hoofs and a tail;

There were lions that had both might and mane,
Camels that wore a hump,
Dogs that barked and kittens that purred
And mice that would make you jump.

And with this bag full of toys he made his round every Christmas eve and left something for every child in the valley.

Now and then came news from Johann in the distant city where he had gone to make his fortune. People said that he had grown to be a very rich man; that he knew how to make much money and how to keep it, too. And there were some who shook their heads and said what a pity it was that Felix had never been wise like his brother Johann and gone to the city, where he might have been just as rich as Johann.

Sometimes Johann came to the valley. When he did, it was to chide Felix because he gave away so much of his little store.

"You are very foolish, Felix," he would say; "you should keep that money for yourself; you may need it some day. You should think and care more for yourself and less about others."

But Felix only shook his head and smiled and continued to go his way, down through the forest to the house of Alec, the Woodsman, up the stream bed to the lodge of Jason, the Hunter, over the ledges to the hut of David, the Goatherd, and then home across the moor.

But there came a Christmas Eve when Felix could not make his journey. His legs had grown very weak; he could not carry the bag of toys which he had made with his sharp knife. His brother came to him from the city and sat with him by the old blazing fireplace. And the valley folks, to whom Felix could not go, came to Felix. There was not a house in all Lost Valley that did not send its word of greeting, or some delicacy for the sick man.

One by one the people said "Good night" and Felix and Johann were left alone, gazing into the golden depths of the blazing beechwood fire.

They talked of the old days, of their father, their mother, the Christmas Eves of long ago.

"Do you remember," asked Felix, "do you remember the time when we used to look for

the house of the wise man and for the golden pathway?"

The brother nodded.

"Ah, what fools we were!" laughed Felix.

Then Felix dropped his head and smiled as if he dreamed. His eyes were half closed and yet he could see. Through a little window of one pane, by the chimney, he could see the star over in the east as he used to see it when a boy. It came nearer and nearer, growing bigger and bigger as it came. It came right in through the center of the window-pane and stood before him. Then it unfolded into the bright face he had seen once before.

"Felix," said the visitor, smiling, "do you know me?"

"Ah, I know you well," replied Felix.

"Have you ever found the wise man?"

"No," said Felix, "but I am very happy."

"I have come to keep my promise."

"Your promise? What promise?"

"That promise I made you long ago; don't you remember? —

'If you fail to find the pathway
With its golden, gleaming floor,
I will come some time to guide you,
Myself, to the wise man's door.'"

"You are too late," said Felix, "my legs are weak; I can not travel."

"I will help you," said the visitor.

"Is it far?" asked Felix.

"Not far. Put on your jacket and your greatcoat; lean on me and give me the lantern."

They walked out through the door, which they left ajar behind them, down the stepping-stones, along the pathway. They had gone but a few steps when Felix stopped.

"I can go no further."

"There is no need," said his guide, "we are there!"

"Where?" asked Felix.

"At the house of the wise man. See!" said the guide as he swung his lantern along the path that led to the door. "See the golden pathway!"

"This is only the path that my own feet have made," said Felix.

"Even so," said the guide, waving his hand. "See!"

And then it seemed that every way that Felix had taken, every path that he had made, leaped into radiant, golden, sunny light. Down through the forest to the house of Alec, the Woodsman, up along the stream bed to the lodge of Jason, the Hunter, over the ledges to the hut of David, the Goatherd, and back across the moor to the house of Felix, lay this beautiful, shining, gleaming, golden pathway.

Felix could not speak; he and the visitor turned.

They walked up the golden pathway
That led to Felix's door;
They stepped up the golden stepping-stone,
And in on the golden floor.

Felix sat still a long time in the chair, gazing into the golden depths of the blazing beechwood fire.

Not long after, the house of Peter the Shepherd was vacant forever. Someone passing by a few days later saw a tablet upon the door. No one knew who put it there, but

many said that it was Johann, and this was what it said:

THE HOUSE
OF
FELIX, THE WISE MAN

Date Due

APR 1 3 1972

ACCESSION NUMBER SHELF NUMBER

PZ
7
S864 L.87717

AUTHOR
Stocking, J.T.

TITLE
The golden goblet.

DATE LOANED	BORROWER'S NAME	DATE RETURNED
MAR 30 '72	Joe Blaszyk	